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Wavelength (February 1983)

Connie Atkinson
University of New Orleans

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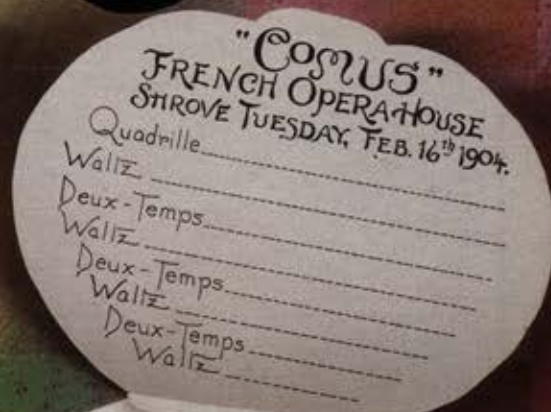
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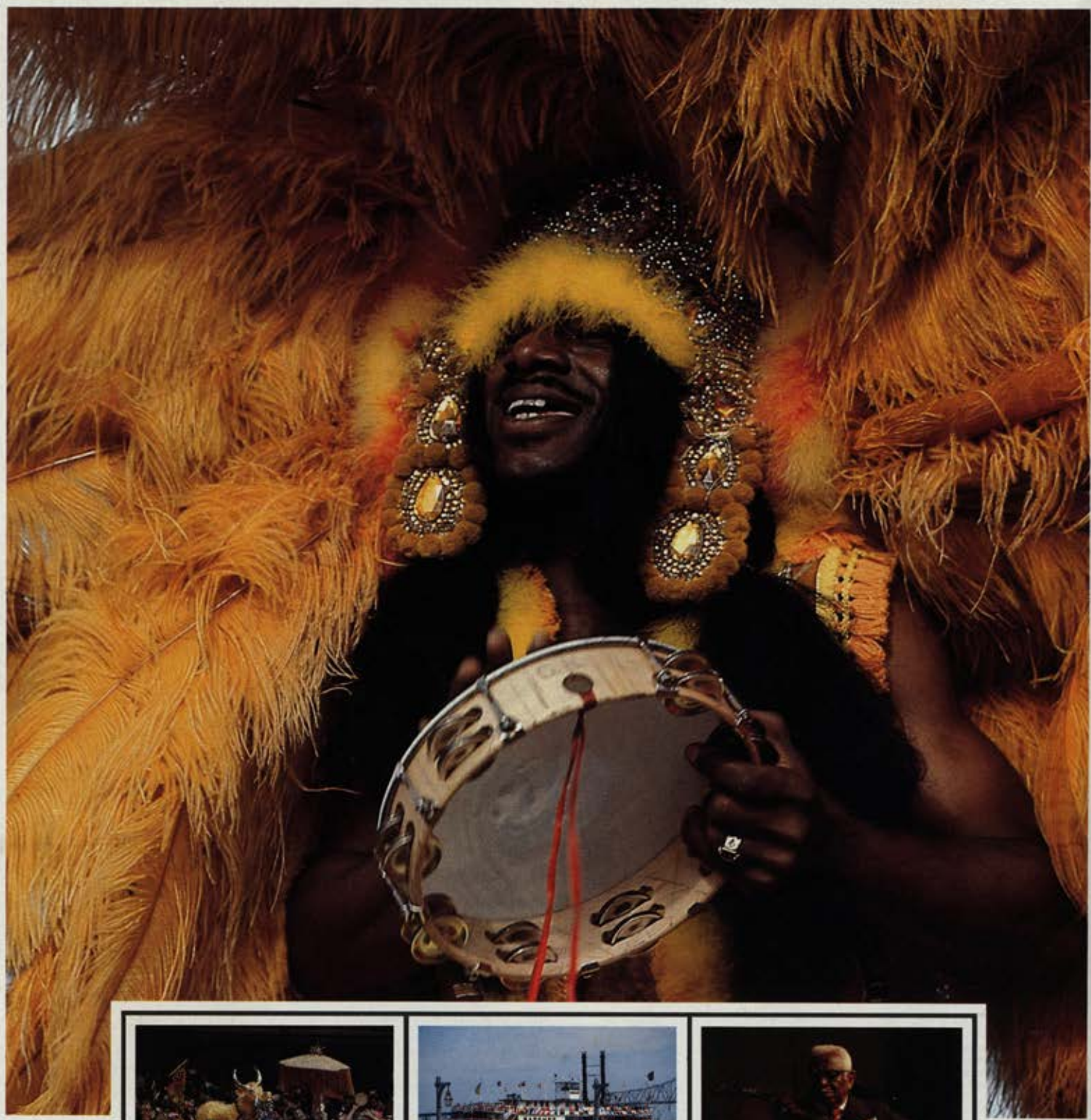
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Wavelength

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"I'm not sure, but I'm almost positive, that all music came from New Orleans."

Ernie K-Doe, 1979

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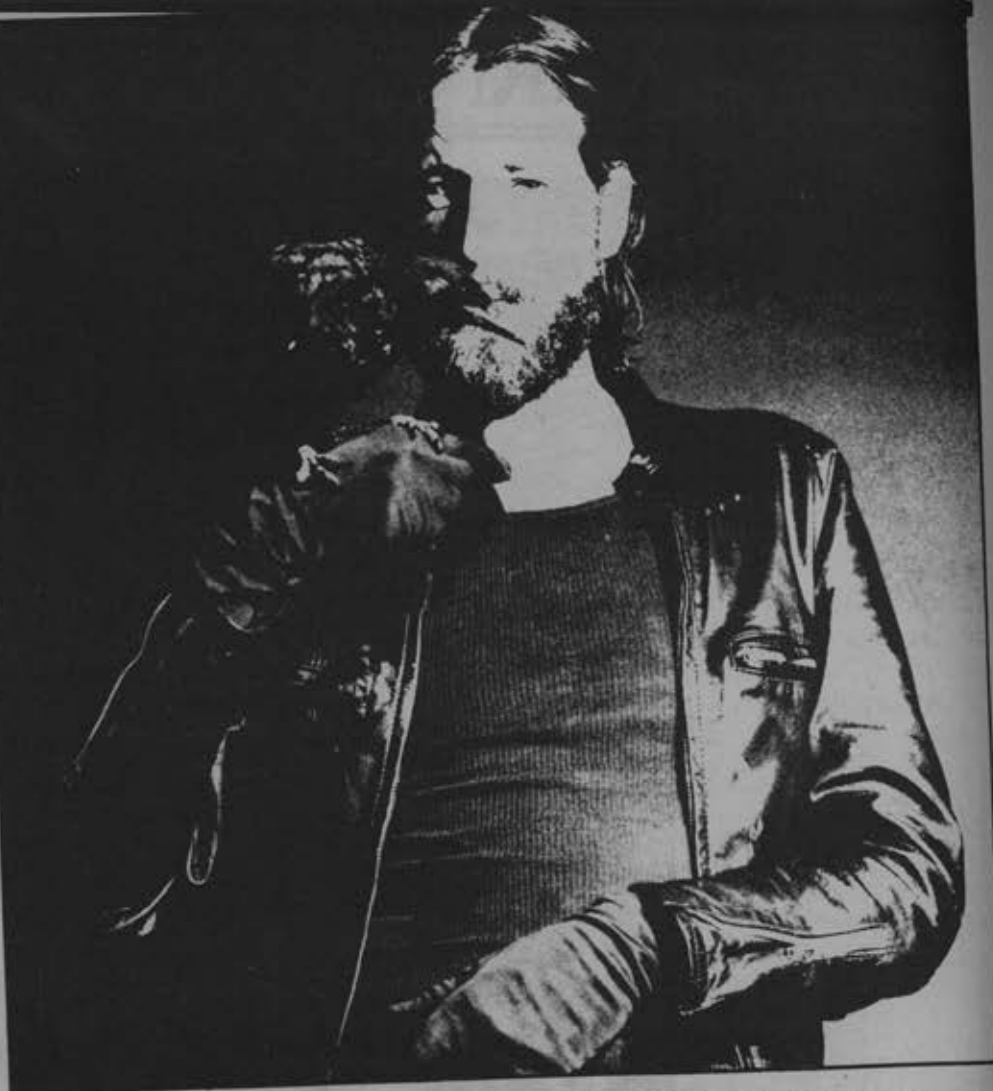
**FEBRUARY**

Wed. 2
Spies in Rome
Thurs. 3
The Limit
Fri. 4
Rockabyes
Sat. 5
The Sponges
Tues. 8
The Generics
Wed. 9
The Scene
Thurs. 10
The Mirrorz

MARDI GRAS

Fri. 11
The Mirrorz
Sat. 12
The Models
Mon. 14
The Models
Wed. 16
The Scene
Thurs. 17
The Newsboys
Fri. 18
The Blue Vipers
Sat. 19
The Backbeats
Thurs. 24
The Newsboys
Fri. 25
The Limit
w/Nothing Personal
Sat. 26
The Rockabyes

All Shows 10:30
For information
455-2123 — 24 hours



Jimmy Spheeris, at Club Marigny February 10.

CONCERTS**Saturday 1 through Thursday 13**

• **Lena Horne:** The Lady and Her Music, Saenger Theatre, 524-0876.

Friday, Saturday 4,5

• **Tom Jones,** Orpheum Theatre, tickets from Ticketmaster and De La Salle High School, 891-0857.

Friday, 4

• **Big Twist and the Mellow Fellows,** Club Marigny.

Saturday, 5

• **Rockabyes with The Rave,** L.S.U.'s Cotillion Ballroom, tickets at the L.S.U. Union, Baton Rouge.

• **Neville, Marcia Ball,** Beaux Arts Ball, CAC, tickets at Tulane University and at the door.

Monday, 7

• **John Mooney and Spencer Bohren,** special blues guitar duet, Tipitina's.

Tuesday, 8

• **Wall of Voodoo,** with Dream Syndicate, Jimmy's.

Thursday, 10

• **Jimmie Spheeris,** Club Marigny.

Friday, 11

• **Judas Priest,** Gulf Coast Coliseum.

• **The Nighthawks,** with John Mooney and his Bluesiana Band, Tipitina's.

Sunday, 13

• **Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble,** Club Marigny.

Monday, 14

• **The Works,** Club Marigny.

• **Red Rockers,** second record release party, Steamer President.

• **Kiss Superdome,** tickets from Ticketmaster.

FILMS

• **C.A.C. Film and Video,** 900 Camp, 523-1216.

Sun.2: American Film Festival Blue Ribbon Winners: *Resurgence—The Movement for Quality vs. the K.K.K.* and *Soldier Girls*.

• **Loyola Film Buffs Institute,** 895-3196. Tues.1:

The Time Machine (George Pal), 7 and 9.

Wed.2: *Modern Times* (Chaplin), 7 and 9.

Thurs.3: *D.O.A.* (Rudolph Mate), 7 and 9.

Mon.7: *Nuit et Brouillard* (Resnais) and *Das Triumph des Willens* (Leni Riefenstahl), 7 and

9:30. Wed.9: *Der Blaue Engel* (Von Sternberg),

7 and 9. Thurs.10: *Das Kabinett des Doktor*

Caligari (Robert Wiene), 7 and 9. Fri.11: *About*

An Old Foundry (Ebba Jahn) and *Don't Take*

The Night Away (Detlev Neufert), 7:30. Sat.12:

Day After Day, Night After Night (Elke

Jongkeit) and *On The Move* (Ado Winkelman).

Sun.13: *Heinrich Linde, Inventor* (Richard

Dellit) and *Time of a Mother* (Barbara Lipinska-

Leidinger). Fri.17: *The River* (Pare Lorentz),

The City (Ralph Steiner) and *The Land* (Robert

Flaherty), 7 and 9. Fri.18: *The China Syndrome*

(James Bridges), 7:30. Sat.19: *Hiroshima, Mon*

Amour (Resnais), 7:30. Sun.20: *Doctor*

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Strangelove (Stanley Kubrick), 7:30. Tues.22: *Orpheus* (Cocteau), 7 and 9. Wed.23: *Number 17* (Hitchcock), 7 and 9. Mon. 28: *The Battle of Midway* (John Ford), *The Battle of San Pietro* (John Huston), and *The Battle of China* (Frank Capra), 7 and 9. All films are shown in Bobet Hall; admission is by season pass (\$25) which admits one to every showing, or by \$1.50 single admission.

•**Prytania**, 5339 Prytania, 895-4513. Through Thurs.3: *L'Adolescente* (Jeanne Moreau). Fri.4 through Mon.14: *Lola* (Rainer Werner Fassbinder). Tues.15: *Teorema* (Pasolini) and *Despair* (Fassbinder). Wed., Thurs., 16, 17: *Manhattan*, *Annie Hall* (Woody Allen). Fri., Sat., 18, 19: *Being There* (Hal Ashby) and *The Magic Christian* (Joseph McGrath). Sun.-Tues., 20-22: *Wasn't That A Time* (Jim Brown). Wed., Thurs., 23, 24: *A Bout de souffle* and *Le Mepris* (Godard). Fri.25 through Thurs. March 3: *Burden of Dreams* (Les Blank).

ART

•**Aaron Hastings Gallery**, 1130 St.Charles, 523-1900. Through Thurs.17: Juried group show for non-affiliated artists. Sat.19 through Thurs.March 10: Pat Jessee.

•**Arthur Roger Gallery**, 3005 Magazine, 895-5287. Through Thurs.17: Paintings by Rayford Shaw. Sat.19 through Thurs., March 10: Ceramics by Steve Rucker.

•**Contemporary Arts Center**, 900 Camp, 523-1216. Through Sun.13: National Photography Exhibit, Art Cars, Jack Ox, Red Grooms. Sat.26 through Sun., March 27: "Installations/Performance."

•**Galerie Simonne Stern**, 2727 Prytania, 905-2452. Through Thurs.17: Robert Gordy. Sat.19 through Thurs., March 10: Tina Freeman, Robert Warrens, Jim Richard, Doree Cooper.

•**The Historic New Orleans Collection**, 533 Royal, 523-4662. Through Sat., March 26: "Bound To Please: Selected Rare Books from the Historic New Orleans Collection."

•**New Orleans Academy of Fine Arts**, 5256 Magazine St., 899-8111. Through Thurs.17: James Steg. Sat.19 through Thurs., March 10: Chaffe McIlhenny, Mark Schenthal.

•**New Orleans Museum of Art**, City Park, 488-2631. Sat.5 through Sun., March 20: 20th Century master paintings from the Museum of Modern Art, New York.

•**University of New Orleans**, Fine Arts Gallery, Lakefront campus, 286-6493. Through Fri.4: Romanesque mural paintings photographed by Yves Coffin.

MISCELLANY

•**CAC Jazz Factory**, Sat.12: Jimmy Heath, appearing with the Ellis Marsalis Trio. Sat.26: Edward "Kidd" Jordan. Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216.

•**CAC Jazz Piano Series**, Fri.11: Ellis Marsalis and James Drew, Contemporary Arts Center, 900 Camp, 523-1216.

•**Cathedral Concerts**, 895-6602. Sun.27: organ recital by Patrick Webb of Vancouver, B.C.; Christ Church Cathedral, 2919 St. Charles Ave., 4 p.m.

•**Junior Philharmonic Society of New Orleans**, 861-4289, 866-7565. Sat.19: Recital at Rogers Memorial Chapel, Newcomb College, 10:45 a.m.

•**Katrina's Birthday Party**, At Katrina's Bakery, in the Snug Harbor Restaurant, 626 Frenchmen, Feb.3 from 8 p.m. Proceeds (either donated

or from sales of food and beverages) go to the Uptown Youth Center; James Booker and others will entertain. Information at 944-2369.

•**Longue Vue's Performing Arts Series**, 4th Sunday, 7 Bamboo Road, 488-5488. February: Alvin Batiste.

•**The Mystick Krewe of the Fo'teenth Night Alligators** presents its fo'teenth annual Grand Alligator Ball, Feb.13 too daze before Fat Toozeday at the Audubon Park Bandstand (by the swan boat landing) from high noon until sunset. With the Washboard Jackson Jug Band, the Squirrel Spiritualettes, rockers TBA and the Dirty Dozen. Three dollar raffle tickets at Tip's, good for many valuable prizes, including the chance to be the Grand Wazoo.

•**Neville Brothers and the Wild Tchoupitoulas Indians** Mardi Gras Specials, Sat.12: Jimmy's. Sun.13: Tipitina's. Mon.14: Jimmy's.

•**New Orleans Ballet**, 895-2439. Thurs.24: *Swan Lake* with Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre, New Orleans Theatre of the Performing Arts.

•**New Orleans Black Chorale**, 899-7411. Sun.27: Celebration of Black History, Lawless Chapel, Dillard University, 5 p.m.

•**New Orleans Friends of Music**, 897-3491. Fri.28: I Fiamminghi, the Belgian chamber orchestra, Dixon Hall, Tulane University, 8.

•**New Orleans Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra**, 524-0404. Tues., Wed., 1,2: Vaughn-Williams, Mozart and Sibelius; Raymond Leopard conducting, Rachel Van Voorhees, harp, Dean Miller, flute. Tues., Wed., 22,23: Wagner, Antonio de Almeida conducting, Martina Arroyo, soprano. All performances at the Orpheum Theatre.

•**New Orleans Opera Guild**, 525-7672. Thurs.3: Puccini's *La Rondine*, Dixon Hall, Tulane University.

•**The Nighthawks** at Leisure Landing, Feb.12 at 5:30. Free beer!

•**Optima Studio Monthly Panel Discussion**, Optima, 2025 Magazine, 522-9625. A monthly meeting, free to the public, to create energized dialogue in the art community of New Orleans.

•**Rolling Thunder Speaks!** The spokesman for the Cherokee and Shoshone nations, medicine man, philosopher and—if it makes any difference—intimate of the Grateful Dead (the Dead's drummer, Mickey Hart, named a solo album after him), Tom Laughlin (who consulted him for both *Billy Jack* movies) and headliner in the eponymous Rolling Thunder Revue (Bob Dylan was in it too), will speak on his highly lauded, holistic approach to healing, Feb.25 at 7:30 at the Ursuline Auditorium, State at Willow; \$7 at the door, \$5 in advance. Rolling Thunder will also conduct a workshop (fees \$40 and \$50) on Feb.27 at the Science Research Institute, 321 Magazine, from 10 a.m. until 5. Tickets/information at 831-8416 or 821-1077.

CLUBS

•**Alice's Keyhole**, 2214 S.Claiborne, 523-8666. Sundays: Tropical Weather.

•**Ambassador Travelodge Lounge**, 3800 Tulane Ave., 488-2661. Call for listings.

•**Arnaud's Grill Room**, 813 Bienville, 525-7373. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 2, Fridays through Sundays, 9 until midnight, A.J. Loria.

•**Basin Street South**, 501 Bourbon, 525-6167. Mondays and Weds.-Sat. Al Hirt at 10:30.

•**Beat Exchange**, 2300 Chartres, 948-6456. New music club, alternative art space; call for listings.

•**Blue Room**, Fairmont Hotel, 529-7111. Through Tues.8: Judy Collins. Wed.9 through Tues.22: The Johnny Otis Show. Wed.23

through Tues., March 8: Cleo Laine and Johnny Dankworth.

•**Bobby's Place**, 520 East St. Bernard Highway, 271-0137. Fridays: Gong Show, Bobby Cure and the Summertime Blues. Saturdays: Allen's Tribute To Elvis. Sundays: Al Claude and the Expressions. Mon.14: Vince Vance and the Valiants. All shows at 10.

•**Bounty**, 1926 West End Park, 282-9144. Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays: Harvey Jesus and Frye.

•**Cafe Marigny**, 534 Frenchmen, 943-1694. Restaurant and music bar. Weds.: John Rankin, 9 to midnight. Sundays: music brunch.

•**CBD's of Metairie**, 3232 Edenborn, 889-9966, 455-9966. Rock 'n' roll.

•**Club Marigny**, 534 Frenchmen, 943-7223. Fri.4: Big Twist and the Mellow Fellows. Sat.5: Radiators. Thurs.10: Jimmie Spheeris. Fri.11: Rockin' Dopsie and the Cajun Twisters. Sat.12: Li'l Queenie and Backtalk. Sun.13: Stevie Ray Vaughan and Double Trouble. Mon.14: The Works. Tues.15: The Works and Earl King. Fri.25: The Rockabyes. Sat.26: The Big Bang.

•**Cotton Blossom**, Audubon Park Docks (behind the Zoo). Saturdays: Blues Cruise with live entertainment; boards at 8:30, leaves at 9:30, returns at 11. Call for listings.

•**Dixie's Bar Of Music**, 701 Bourbon, 566-7445. Weds.-Sat.: Bryan Lee and the Jump Street Five.

•**1801 Club**, 1801 Stumpf Blvd., Gretna, 367-9670. Sat.5: Frogman Henry. Fri.11: Al Johnson and Oliver Morgan. Fri.18: Irma Thomas. Call for other listings.

•**544 Club**, 544 Bourbon, 523-8611. Mon., Tues.: The Blues Rockers. Wed.-Sat.: Gary Brown and Feelings.

•**Hawks**, 3027 Jean Lafitte Parkway, Chalmette, 277-8245. C&W music with dance lessons Weds. 7:30-9:30. Thurs.3, 17 and 24: Harvey Jesus.

•**Houlihan's Old Place**, 315 Bourbon, 523-7412. Sun. through Thurs.: Earl Turbinton, 9-1 a.m. Nothing doing Feb.11 through 15.

•**Jimmy's**, 8200 Willow, 866-9549. Thurs.3: WakaWaka. Fri.4: Apt.B. Sat.5: The Backbeats. Tues.8: Wall of Voodoo. Fri.11: The Sheiks. Sat. 12: The Neville Brothers. Mon. 14: The Neville Brothers and the Mardi Gras Indians. Fri.25: Apt.B. Sat.26: Radiators.

•**Larry's Villa**, 4612 Quincy St., Metairie, 455-1223. Tues.-Sun.: Johnny Pennino and Breeze, 9:30-2:30 a.m.

•**Lucky Pierre's**, 735 Bourbon, 523-0786. Tues.-Sat.: New Orleans' own internationally known singer/pianist Frankie Ford, 10-5 a.m.

•**Luigi's**, 6319 Elysian Fields Ave., 282-1592. Wed.2: Storyville Stompers. Wed.9: The Works. Wed.16: Brownsville. Wed.23: The Mirrorz.

•**Maple Leaf Bar**, 8316 Oak, 866-9359. Sundays: John Rankin. Mondays: James Carroll Booker III. Tuesdays: Li'l Queenie and the Skin Twins. Wednesdays: The La. Repertory Jazz Ensemble. Thursdays: Bourre. Fri.4: Li'l Queenie and Backtalk. Sat.5: James Booker Rhythm and Blues Revue. Fri.11: Radiators. Sat.12: Beausoleil. Sun.13: Marcia Ball. Mon.14: Exuma, with James Booker opening. Tues.15: Li'l Queenie and Backtalk. Fri.18: The Nightriders. Sat.19: Rockin' Dopsie and the Cajun Twisters. Fri.25: Zachary Richard. Sat.26: The Works.

•**Nevada Club**, 1409 Romain, Gretna, 368-1000. Wed.-Sat: Mississippi South; Louisiana.

•**Old Absinthe Bar**, 400 Bourbon, 525-8108. Thurs.3 through Wed.9: K.C. Blues Band. Thurs. 10 through Sun. 13: Exuma. Mon. 14:



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Thurs. 3 FebRuby's Rendezvous
Fri. 4 Feb.....Tipitina's
Sat. 5 Feb.....Club Marigny
Fri. 11 Feb.....Maple Leaf Bar
Sun. 13 Feb.....Jimmy's
Mon. 14 Feb.....Tipitina's
Thurs. 24 Feb.....Ruby's Rendezvous
Fri. 25 Feb.....Tipitina's
Sat. 26 Feb.....Jimmy's

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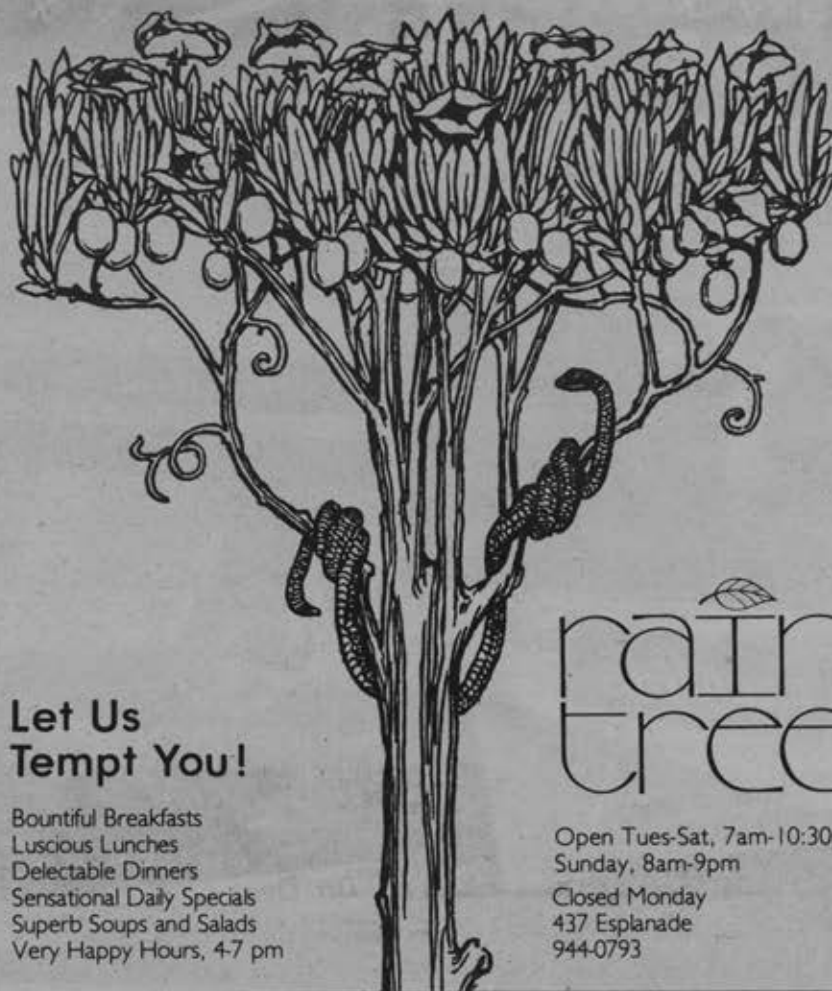
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•Paddlewheel, 1928 West End Park, 282-5800. Call for listings.
•Penny Post, 5110 Danneel. Sundays: open mike, 8. Wed.2: Chuck Phillips, 8; Dave and Cheryl, 9; Taylor Berry, 10; Jack Neilson, 11.



The Curle Brothers at the old Absinthe Bar February 14.

3: Bluegrass Night, featuring Bob Lambert, 8; the Malones, 9; Pat Flory, 10. Fri.4: C.C. Mitchell, 8:30. Sun.6: Penny Hoxter, 9; Tom Rice, 10. Wed.9: Chuck Phillips, 8; Dave and Cheryl, 9; Taylor Berry, 10; Jimi Ray, 11. Thurs.10: Fred and Debbie, 8; the Malones, 9; Pat Flory, 10. Sun.13: Penny Hoxter, 9; Jack Neilson, 10. Wed.16: Chuck Phillips, 8; Penny Hoxter, 9; Taylor Berry, 10; Jack Neilson, 11. Thurs.17: The Malones, 9; Pat Flory, 10; Jimi Ray, 11. Sun.20: Sing-along, 8-10; Greg, 10. Wed.23: Jimi Ray, 8; Dave and Cheryl, 9; Taylor Berry, 10; Tom Rice, 11. Thurs.24: Fred and Debbie, 8; the Malones, 9; Pat Flory, 10; C.C. Mitchell, 11. Sun.27: Penny Hoxter, 9; Jack Neilson, 10. Special guests on Fridays and Saturdays.

•Preservation Hall, 726 St.Peter, 523-8939. Sundays: Harold Dejan and the Olympia Brass Band. Mondays and Thursdays: Kid Thomas. Tuesdays and Fridays: Kid Sheik, Sweet Emma. Wednesdays and Saturdays: The Humphrey Brothers.

•Prout's Club Alhambra, 732 N.Claiborne, 524-7042. Rhythm and blues; Bobby Marchan, your hostess with the mostess.

•Quality Inn Midtown, 3900 Tulane Ave., 486-5541. Fridays and Saturdays: Joel Simpson, piano, Joe Bolton, trumpet, Nick Faro, vocals.

•Rendez-Vous Seafood House, St.Claude at Lizardi. Thursdays: Bobby Marchan.

•Richie's, 3501 Chateau Blvd., Kenner, 466-3333. Fri.,Sat., 4,5: Roy Orbison. Sun.6: Firefall. Fri.11: Vince Vance and the Valiants.

•Riverboat President, Canal Street Docks, 524-SAIL. Fri.4: The Neville Brothers. Sat.5: Jose Feliciano. Sat.12: Dr. John. Sat.26: Ramsey Lewis. Call the concert line for other listings.

•Rose Tattoo, 4401 Tchoupitoulas, 891-6886. Thurs.,Sun., 10,13: The Uptown Blues Organization. Call for other listings.

•Seaport Cafe Bar, 424 Bourbon, 568-0981. Tues.-Sat.: Sally Townes, 9-1 a.m. Nothing doing Mardi Gras weekend.

•Tipitina's, 501 Napoleon, 899-9114. Tues.1: Stanley and the Undesirables with Max Relax. Wed.2: James Booker. Thurs.3: Zachary Richard. Fri.4: Radiators. Sat.5: John Lee Hooker. Mon.7: Spencer Bohren and John Mooney. Tues.8: The Dirty Dozen Brass Band.

Wed., Thurs., Fri., 9, 10, 11: The Nighthawks.
Sat. 12: Clifton Chenier. Sun. 13: The Neville
Brothers. Mon. 14: Radiators. Tues. 15: Marcia
Ball. Fri. 18: Big Bang; and the Eager Beaver
Boys. Sat. 19: The Works. Sun. 20: Killer
Bees. Wed. 23: Blue Vipers. Thurs. 24: Bill
Haley's Original Comets. Fri. 25: Radiators.
Sat. 26: The Neville Brothers. Sun. 27: Trinidad
Exotic Steel Drum Band.

•Tupelo's, 8301 Oak, 866-3658. Wed. 2: Erec-
tor Set. Thurs. 3: Keeper. Fri. 4: A-Train. Sat. 5:
PolyRock, plus Male Model. Tues. 8: Half
Moon Trio plus Joe Barbara. Wed. 9: Wild
Kingdom. Thurs. 10: The Sluts. Fri. 11: Jason
and the Nashville Scorchers, with special guests
The Hurricanes. Sat. 12: The Now Explosion
with The Windbreakers. Mon. 14: Apt. B.
Thurs. 17: Blue Vipers. Fri. 18: Ernie K-Doe.
Sat. 19: Apt. B, plus Stick People. Tues. 22:
Wood 'n' Strings with Gilbert Hetherwick.
Wed. 23: Stick People. Thurs. 24: The Sluts.
Fri. 25: The Volumeatix. Sat. 26: Joe "King"
Carrasco plus The Explosives.

•Tyler's, 5234 Magazine, 891-4989. Contem-
porary jazz. Sundays: Mike Pelleria Trio. Mon-
days: Ellis Marsalis. Tuesdays: Leslie Smith.
Wednesdays: George French, David
Torkanowsky, Herlin Riley. Thursdays: Ger-
maine Bazzle. Fridays and Saturdays: James
Rivers.



John Lee Hooker at Tip's

•Germaine Wells Lounge, 833 Bienville,
523-9633. Fridays and Saturdays: The James
Drew Trio with James Drew, Jim Singleton and
Jeff Boudreaux.

OUT-OF-TOWN CLUBS

•The Fritz, Shreveport, 318/221-9356. Rock 'n'
roll, new wave. Call for listings.
•Gibson St. Lounge, 423 Gibson St., Cov-
ington, 892-9920. Call for listings.
•Grant Street Dance Hall, 113 Grant St.,
Lafayette, 318/237-8513. Fri. 4: John Lee
Hooker and John Mooney. Sat. 5: Exuma.
Thurs. 10: Atchafalaya. Fri. 11: Dr. John and
Spencer Bohren. Sat. 12: Rockin' Dopsie and the
Cajun Twisters. Mon. 14: Zachary Richard.
Tues. 15: Rockin' Dopsie. Fri. 18: A-Train.
•Mulate's, Breau Bridge, 332-4648.
Wednesdays, Thursdays: Beausoleil.
•Pam's Place, Old Town, Slidell.
Wed., Fri., Sat.: Great Escape.
•Ruby's Rendez-Vous, Highway 90 in
Mandeville, 626-9933. Call for listings.
•Trinity's, Baton Rouge, 388-9884. Fri. 18: The
Neville Brothers. Call the club's concert line for
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MONEY FOR MUSICIANS

Attention Louisiana artists, musical and otherwise:

The Louisiana Division of the Arts will be awarding fellowships (that's m-o-n-e-y) to resident professional artists in the fields of Music, Dance, Literature, Media, Theater, and Visual Arts and Crafts, with apprenticeships available to folk artists. This fellowship program is intended to help artists actively working and living in Louisiana and jazz musicians are especially encouraged to apply. Awards will range from \$1,000 to \$5,000 but you have to hurry. The deadline for applications is February 15, 1983.

In the past, few musicians have tried for these awards but that can change in 1983. To apply, call the Division of the Arts in Baton Rouge at 504/925-3930 and ask that the application form and guidelines for the Artist Fellowship Program be sent to you. To be eligible, the form and required

information will have to be completed and postmarked by February 15.

For musicians, that will include a black and white photo of yourself, a personal brief of your background and experience, and a sample of work done in the last two years. The music can be on an audio cassette or 1/4-inch reel to reel, not to last more than 10 minutes. Composers need to include at least one recent score.

Applicants will be judged on the quality of the work submitted as well as their overall professional background.

Requirements for folk life apprenticeships open to Cajun, blues, old time country music and the like are a bit different but these are also available from the same Baton Rouge phone number. Hurry, this money won't be awarded again until this time next year.

—Virginia Levie

PLAYING FOR THE DOOR

Sax maniac James White (also known as James Chance, also known as James Black, whose main influence is undoubtedly James Brown) brought his twitching, growling, jerking, shaking body and squeaking, spitting, honking alto sax to the Beat Exchange for New Year's Eve. Typically, the drum kit didn't arrive until two a.m., January 1, at which time Mr. White/Chance and his band, The Blacks, punched out an all-too-brief set of steaming New York almost-atonal dance funk.

Unfortunately many people had left by this time including several irate Georgia Bulldog fans. One big ole/good ole boy even threw a few chairs around while spewing accusatory expletives and demanding his money back. At 6'2" and around 195, he got his money back. The chairs survived the attack.

The next night James's guitarists Jerry Antonius and

Chris Cunningham teamed up with old buddy and former New Yorker Lee Teich, now a resident of Thibodaux. They formed the short-lived "Namblites" and with local drummer Nick Sanzenbach, the trio produced the most ear-wrenching free form guitar improvisations heard here since Snakefinger's last appearance.

The Namblite jam was a futile attempt to recoup some of the money lost on the flimsy turnout from the night before by "taking the door" (where the band gets the money paid by customers for admission to the club). Except the turnout was even flimsier this night. After a brief meeting where the musicians rejected a suggestion to actually take the door ("No tools, it won't fit on the airplane, and who wants a big black door anyway?") they packed up the Strats and retired to a French Quarter loft.

—rico



LI'L CHARLIE

Just when you thought the three-piece tear 'em up rockabilly band was becoming an endangered species, here come Li'l Charlie and The Eager Beaver Boys from Austin, Texas, a city that righteously supports its musical eccentrics.

It took him a few tunes to loosen up and catch a groove, but once he removed that bracelet and let his right hand fly, Charlie Sexton lived up to his unofficial status as the best juvenile Texas R&B guitarist in the world. Not only does this lanky boy have chops that would turn a porker green, he's got the good sense to arrange his sets and tunes in a fresh and

unexpected manner.

His cover of Johnny Burnette's "Rock Billy Boogie," for example, is not yelping and tense like the original. Slower and secured by a lopsided tom-tom riff, Charlie plays a bass-heavy rhythm phrase while drawing the lead vocal; in the chorus he switches to a cutting high treble style for jolting effect. Charlie also writes upbeat rockabilly numbers and they play these originals with more energetic integrity than any of the covers.

After the gig the boys hung around a while to talk shop and pose with fans in Tipitina's new Photo Booth.

—rico

WHERE YA' AT RADIO

After more than a year of total gospel programming, WNNR AM-990 is changing over its format to all oldies. According to station owner Ed Muniz, the station has also applied to the FCC, so they can change their call letters to WYAT—as in Where Ya'at.

To augment the changeover, Muniz has hired long-time New Orleans deejay Jim Stewart, formerly of WNOE, to fill the morning slot. Sherri Vitano, "The Oldies Queen" ex-WTIX

and the Hilton's Rainforest, will handle the noon time slot; while Michael Lee, formerly of WNOE, will handle the afternoon chores.

Saturdays promise to be extra special as Poppa Stoppa (Clarence Hayman) and Sonny Stoppa (Muniz) will share duties with (no not Momma Stoppa) the Boss With The Hot Sauce.

Sundays will still be devoted to all day gospel programming according to Muniz.

—Almost Slim



GARDEN PARTY

When you think of Longue Vue Gardens you probably think of a lovely place to visit on a relaxing afternoon. Well, in what promises to be one of the most exciting developments in the display of musical works in New Orleans, Longue Vue Gardens will be offering monthly concerts entitled the Contemporary Arts Series, offering such diverse performances as Alvin Batiste this month, and Anthony Braxton in May. What distinguishes this series from other concert programs, such as the Contemporary Art Center's Jazz Factory, the Brown Bag Concerts and the New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival is

that Longue Vue's program requires the artist to produce new compositions rather than simply exhibit or perform from their standard repertoire. In the words of assistant curator Scott Ratterree, "the musical quality must match the physical beauty of the setting, something completely different from what the musicians are already playing in the nightclubs around the city." Longue Vue has already taken another fascinating departure from its traditional role providing its all-cypress playhouse as recording room for a forthcoming album by Ramsey McLean and Tony Dagradi.

—Shepard H. Samuels



CLASSICAL GLASS

It's certainly not unusual to see a group of tourists and sightseers standing around a street musician in Jackson Square on any moderately sunny day of the year, but when there's fifty, maybe seventy-five people all staring, slack-jawed, you know something truly strange is going down.

Take the case of one Jim Turner, from Philadelphia. His business card says: "From Symphony Halls to Hardware

Stores, Finding The Uncommon In The Common. Glass Harp, Wrench Harp, Clarinets, and Musical Saws."

This isn't deep-left-field music, this is way-out-of-the-ballpark music! Soft, eerie squeaks of smoothness slide off the wet rims of ordinary brandy goblets, in a repertoire almost as casual and harmonious as Mr. Turner himself. Wait until *Real People* hears about this guy.

—rico

LIFE AT THE FAIR

Can Cajun music and high technology find happiness and cultural satisfaction together on Julia Street in 1984? Or will traditional Louisiana folklife be jilted in favor of a replica Polynesian village or miniature Venice at the World's Fair? No one knows yet but time grows short to secure a home for the Louisiana Folklife Pavilion. The issue, once again, is money.

The Pavilion, similar in concept to the successful one at last year's Knoxville Fair, would house exhibitions and performance space for the rich spectrum of folkways found throughout the state. Plans include a packed performance series of gospel, blues, old time jazz, ballads, Anglo-fiddling as well as traditional festivals, indigenous foods, crafts, architecture, folk medicine and arts. The World's Fair Exposition Committee has tentatively set aside space but not funds for this ambitious project.

Without some \$75,000 in the form of corporate sponsorship to reserve and renovate the warehouse area, the location will have to be turned over to the highest bidder. And Louisiana

will lose this stellar opportunity of presenting its richest natural resource to the world. Projects also under consideration for the site include those forementioned hamlets.

The Knoxville Pavilion attracted over three million during its six-month run, not only boosting the tourism industry and the prestige of its sponsor, Stokely Van Camp, but also providing a crucial shot in the arm for local artists. All Folklife performers were paid.

With the international reputation of Louisiana's cultural tradition, we should do no less. But as matters now stand, there just isn't room. The Louisiana Pavilion will be largely devoted to a boat ride simulating a trip through Louisiana's wetlands in keeping with the overall "Rivers" theme. Other pavilions to which the Fair is committed include the Omnichron, a tribute to high tech. The Louisiana Folklife Pavilion, backed by Louisiana Folklife Commissioner Nick Spitzer, is currently looking for a sponsor or sponsors.

To be continued.

—Virginia Levie

HISTORIC MARKER FOR FESS?

Are you kept awake nights by the thought that future generations won't recall the legacy of Professor Longhair? Or that the historic significance of Archibald or Chris Kenner might be forgotten?

The Louisiana Division of Historic Preservation has something you can do about that with its Historic Marker program. (You know, those funny shaped metal things most often seen either in the Middle of Nowhere or in the French Quarter.) Roadside markers are designed to commemorate persons, places or events significant to the state's history and that includes your local cultural hero. Subject to approval by the Historic Preservation Division, they can be erected by private

money or with state funds, provided they have a sponsoring organization.

If you want to be the first in your community to put one up, here are some things to keep in mind. This program is for Late Greats only; no living person may be commemorated by an Historic Marker. The sponsor must do the research to document the text included on the marker and the subject must be historically significant, of local, state, or national importance.

For more information contact the Division of Historic Preservation, P. O. Box 44247, Baton Rouge, LA 70804, or call 504/342-6682. Tell them Wavelength sent you.—

—Virginia Levie



BURN K-DOE BURN

Regular listeners of WWOZ-FM may have noticed a lot more talk from the station that brings you the best local music on the airwaves. Part of it can be credited to the energetic banter of Mr. Ernie K. Doe on his Thursday night show, but the other reason is that dedicated volunteers at OZ have had to launch another fund raising drive recently because half of the people who pledged a membership in the previous drive never sent in the money (you rats know who you are).

So if you're one of the folks who digs the station but can't find the scratch to become a member, start saving your pennies and nickels so you can help these folks out. It takes an awful lot of money to run a radio station and a minimum amount must be collected through membership donations to qualify for grant funds.

Besides, where else could you hear "Morgus The Magnificent" or Mr. Naugahyde himself holler, "Burn, K-Doe, Burn!!!"

—rico



JOE'S ONE STOP CLOSSES DOWN

An era in New Orleans retail record business came to an end this past month with the closing of Joe's One Stop Record Shop. The shop, first opened in 1952 by Joe Assunto, was a long time musical landmark on South Rampart Street.

Assunto was very much involved in New Orleans' developing R&B scene throughout the Fifties and Sixties. He started the Watch label, which recorded the likes of Professor Longhair ("Big Chief"), Benny Spellman, Johnny Adams and Earl King. His shop became a hangout for many musicians and Assunto even employed Longhair during his inactive musical period — as a janitor!

Assunto moved the shop to North Broad Street in July 1976,

after urban renewal decimated the once-thriving Rampart Street. Assunto ran the shop in its new location up until his death in October 1981. Assunto's daughter, Joel Assunto McGregor, ran the shop until it closed. "We tried our best to keep it going," she shrugged. "The record business is just too cut-throat today. The prices have skyrocketed and the return policies are too rigid to make a profit. The whole thing just really upset me."

She also stated that all the remaining stock of records was returned to distributors or sold to Gordon DeSoto at Memory Lane Record Shop, who also carted away the distinctive One Stop Sign.

—Almost Slim



CARNIVAL KISS

Like it says on the cover, *Wavelength* is a New Orleans music magazine and as such, we always place editorial emphasis on coverage of our local music and its history and future. There are some events, however, that are of such international importance, such global magnitude, such cultural consequence that we cover them even though the personalities aren't local.

The recent Kiss press conference at the Saenger to promote their upcoming Mardi

Gras concert was definitely not such an event. Those incredible costumes, Kiss's offbeat sense of humor, and the wonderfully flaky apple turnovers in the lobby did make for an enjoyable lunch break, however.

They never really denied rumors of planning to masque Fat Tuesday as insurance salesmen and when asked how they like being in Louisiana Paul Stanley replied: "Oh we're really looking forward to having crawfish... we're tired of having crabs." Get it? —rico



QUEENIE & SKIN TWINS

It's Monday night and even though you have to go to work tomorrow, you'd just love to go out and hear some good live music. You caught Spencer Bohren last Monday and Mason Ruffner the one before and just when you're about to give up and boil a hot dog, the Maple Leaf's "Li'l Queenie and The Skin Twins" ad grabs you.

Li'l Queenie is Leigh Harris, if you didn't already know, and

the Skin Twins are John Magnie on piano and Bruce McDonald on guitar. "Where's the rhythm section??" you ask. Well, when these three start stomping their feet and rocking through several sets of classic New Orleans R&B and originals, you realize a rhythm section on this band is about as necessary as snow tires on a bulldozer. Mondays don't have to be blue, you know. —rico

MARLEY'S LEGACY

On February sixth, Bob Marley would have celebrated his thirty-eighth birthday. Although his death left a vacuum, his spirit continues to be honored in song and work. Last November 26, during the Jamaica World Festival Prime Minister Edward Seago opened the Bob Marley Memorial Performing Center at Montego, Freeport, dedicating it to the advancement and promotion of Jamaican culture. In addition, Rita Marley has kept her husband's Tuff Gong Studio in Kingston a thriving greenhouse for an ever-increasing number of reggae artists.

Most recently, the Marley name has continued to grow with the release of Rita Marley's *Harambe* (Shanachie 43010), and *What A Plot* (Shanachie 5006)

by the Melody Makers, featuring his fourteen-year-old son David "Ziggy" Marley. The Melody Makers consist of all four of the Marley children and *What A Plot* is a disarming musical message in the best reggae tradition. But the most eloquent tribute to Bob Marley comes from ex-Wailer Bunn Wailer on his *Tribute* album. This release on the Jamaican Solomonic label, recorded in 1981, takes on the next-to-impossible task of reworking such Marley hits as "Soul Rebel," "War" and "Redemption Song" and makes them even more arresting than the originals. The accentuation provided the lyrics on "Redemption Song" by the addition of a lovingly added piano makes this album both haunting and a true tribute. Shepard A. Samuels



LITTLE BIRD

The middle brother in an illustrious musical family, Jimmy Heath led an 18-piece orchestra out of his native Philadelphia in 1946 at the age of twenty. Known as "Little Bird" when he began playing alto as a youth, he eventually switched to tenor and developed a style of arranging unique in the jazz repertoire. He worked closely with John Coltrane in Dizzy Gillespie's Orchestra during 1949 and 1950. He knew more about musical construction than Trane did and was influential in his musical development.

For over a decade he worked with Jazzmobile in New York City teaching young artists

the complexities of jazz improvisation on tenor and flute, and the technique of arranging for quintets and orchestras.

He is currently working with his brothers Albert and Percy in the Heath Brothers band. This past year they've toured Europe, South American, and Japan. The group is currently recording for Antilles Records (Island). Heath will be in concert at the CAC Jazz Factory, with Ellis Marsalis on piano, James Black on drums and Jim Singleton on bass, on Saturday, February 12, 1983 at 9:30 pm. For further information call 523-1216.

—rico

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FEBRUARY 1983

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6 CLOSED	7 SPENCER BOHREN and JOHN MOONEY	8 DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND live on WWOZ	9 ★ ★ THE NIGHT HAWKS ★	10 ★ THE NIGHT HAWKS John Mooney's Bluesiana Band Opens ★ live on WTUL	11 ★ THE NIGHT HAWKS John Mooney's Bluesiana Band Opens ★	12 CLIFTON CHENIER Spencer Bohren opens
13 THE NEVILLE BROTHERS	14 THE RADIATORS	15 ★ MARCIA BALL	16 CLOSED	17 CLOSED	18 BIG BANG	19 THE WORKS
20 ★ THE KILLER BEES ★ ★	21 \$1.50 VEGGIE SPAGHETTI plus \$1.50 RB & RICE Tip's On Tapes	22 APT. B	23 THE BLUE VIPERS live on WWOZ	24 BILL HALEY'S ORIGINAL COMETS	25 THE RADIATORS	26 THE NEVILLE BROTHERS
27 TRINIDAD EXOTIC STEEL DRUM BAND live on WWOZ	28 \$1.50 VEGGIE SPAGHETTI plus \$1.50 RB & RICE Tip's on Tapes					

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LAFAYETTE NEWS

Steve Picou, head boy with Lafayette's primo new-wave-cum-pol band, **Bas Clas**, says that the situation is quiet on

that front. The band is just past its first year of an every Monday night gig at **Downtown Chateau**, a black night spot

which features the band once a week. "We worked up to 200 or so people," Picou told us, "which was good." The anniversary was celebrated with song and drink. Bas Clas has made it a practice to invite good bands from the area to open the Monday Madness gigs for the house group in an effort to beef up the opportunity to hear progressive music in the Hub City.

Sam Irwin, well read manager/owner of the Breaux Bridge Club **The Ol' Corner Bar**, says the late December first performance by **Zachary Richard** was an eye-opener. Returning from Europe from a projected sked which included Switzerland, France, and so on, to Canada and reportedly the Lone Star Cafe in New York City, the well rounded notes of the Richard Band resulted in acclaim at other Acadiana clubs including the new **Magnani Theatre** in Lafayette. The Corner has become the Lafayette area home of Alexandria based **Tommy McLain** and **The Mule Train Band**, featuring the cowboy-oriented music regularly.

Weekend in August, featuring the tunes of **Scott Stagg** and **Dana Duhon**, is hot on the local record shop racks and is

receiving a bit of air play. The album, recorded at Bogalusa's Studio in the Country and etched in Arizona, has eight cuts — four by each of the authors. This is the first album by **ETC**, a band which has been playing around Acadiana for about two years with various personnel changes along the way. All four of the regular ETC members perform on the album along with a double handful of fellow flyers including one-time ETC'ers. The album jacket design, which was done by Stagg, reflects in the musician's background as an architecture student at USL.

The **Caravelle Lounge**, for years a fixture on the bar hop circuit down Lafayette's Abbeville highway, has closed down. Recently the night spot had begun to intensify its slate of live music including progressive rock 'n' roll. Jimmy Gardello, who runs the **Centerfold**, which opened at the same location, has introduced Las Vegas style entertainment. "I talked to a few bands," the cigar puffing Gardello told *Wavelength*, "but I don't have plans right now for live music." The stage features show-girls and a D.J.

—Jon Donlon

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By Almost Slim

The Year

Louis Armstrong was New Orleans' proudest export and jazz's greatest international star, but his childhood dream was to be King of the Zulus. In 1949, that dream came true.





ar Satchmo Was King

When Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong ruled as king of the Zulus in 1949, it was a reign that few would ever forget: "Man, there's nothing like this nowhere else in the world," laughed Armstrong on Carnival Day. "This King stuff is fine, real fine. I always been a Zulu, but King, man, this is the stuff. It's knockin' me out—I've blown my top."

As a youth, Armstrong must have been impressed with the colorful group of maskers who first paraded in 1909, partly for their own amusement and partly as a parody of the white Carnival krewes. The first Zulu King wore a lard-can crown and waved a banana stalk sceptre. In 1917 Zulu (in a conscious burlesque of Rex's arrival by yacht at the foot of Canal Street) had himself rowed along the New Basin Canal in a small skiff, waving a majestic ham-bone at his subjects. Armstrong was present at the first musical tribute to New Orleans' oldest black social organization when, in 1923, King Oliver, Armstrong's mentor, recorded "Zulu Ball" for Gennett Records. In 1926, Armstrong recorded his own homage, the prophetic "King of the Zulus" for Okeh Records.

In 1931, after Armstrong had more or less moved away from New Orleans for good to become an international celebrity, he was honored at a Zulu testimonial dinner and became a life-long member of the Zulu Social Aid and Pleasure Club. After this, Armstrong periodically returned home for Mardi Gras and would be allowed to ride the King's float in street clothes.

This long-lasting love affair between Armstrong and the Zulus culminated in his being crowned King in 1949. Armstrong was riding a continuous wave of international popularity, touring Europe, appearing in movies, even playing a Royal Command Performance. He was the biggest name in jazz, but he had never been King of the Zulus. But in 1949, he found time to reign as King Zulu and also perform in

his hometown with his Esquire All Star Band.

When Armstrong and his band arrived the Saturday before Carnival, they were immediately whisked away to their hotel before proceeding to the first of a number of parties held in their honor over the next two days. Later on he told writer Clint Bolton, "Real good time. Like a big family reunion. Folks I hadn't seen since I was in knee britches. Cats I'd played with before I went up to join Joe Oliver. Yeah, a real good time...Mostly just a lot of jivin' talk and eatin' and drinkin'."

The following Sunday night, "Satchmo" and his band, which included Sid Catlett, Barney Bigard, Velma Middleton and Earl "Fatha" Hines, played the annual Zulu Carnival Ball. Needless to say the Booker T. Washington Auditorium was solidly packed long before its 7 p.m. opening. Practically every black citizen of New Orleans was, or said they were, in attendance. Even a couple of white jazz fans managed to "pass" and took in the festivities.

The highlight of the night was Armstrong's coronation as King Zulu and his Queen, Bernice Oxley, a buxom movie ticket seller, was presented. Armstrong and his subjects were to revel long into the wee hours of Monday morning.

Nonetheless, Armstrong was the picture of decorum the next afternoon when he arrived at Gallier Hall where he was presented the key to the city by New Orleans Mayor DeLesseps S. Morrison.

The *Louisiana Weekly* wrote of the presentation: "Mayor Morrison praised Louis Armstrong for his achievements in music and reminded him of a statement he is alleged to have made to reporters of *Time* magazine, which had done a cover story on him recently. According to the story Armstrong is alleged to have said that he had aspired to be King Zulu all his life and that having fulfilled this ambition, he was ready to die."

"When the mayor questioned him on this statement, Armstrong said, 'Well I just hope that the Lord won't take me literally on that.'"

After leaving city hall, Satchmo rested up for his big day, the day he would rule as King Zulu over all of New Orleans.

That year six floats of Zulu maskers paraded wearing grass skirts over black tights, with their faces painted black and white. The first float was to bear his highness, who took his rightful place at the head of the parade.

The second float contained the queen and her maids, while the third contained the Zulu Babies, a group of Zulu warriors wearing baby bonnets. Atop the fourth float rode the Zulu Witch Doctor, along with a number of warriors.

The fifth float was reserved for the Big Shot of Africa, and no one else, as was (and is) custom. The Big Shot sat beneath a palmetto canopy on an armchair, assuming a vain demeanor puffing a huge "seegar" and flashing a gigantic ring made from a glass door knob.

The last float featured Jungle Jim, then a comic strip character, with the rest of the Zulu Warriors and a "mess o'dukes" and a Grand Marshal, who rode on horseback.

Leading the parade was the Mayor of Zululand Town, in a dilapidated cart, drawn by a spavined horse. Two high-priced (\$350) marching bands, one of which was the Young Tuxedo Brass Band, provided the musical accompaniment.

A detachment of Zulu police followed—attired in uniforms similar to New Orleans' finest—to aid the parade's progression and keep the huge crowds back that would attempt to get to Satchmo or the 10,000 Zulu coconuts to be dispensed.

Until 1949, the Zulus customarily never followed their original parade schedule, however the *Louisiana Weekly* reported: "Parade comes in at South Claiborne at Calliope to Dryades...Dryades to Howard Avenue...round Carondelet to South Ram-

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part...Rampart to Tulane...Tulane to Saratoga...Saratoga to Julia...Julia to Rampart again then over to Dryades...out Dryades to Jackson...from this point on final plans have not yet been set."

The first stop was to be in front of a reviewing stand three blocks from the starting point, where His Majesty was to be toasted again and again. From then on most of the stops were at bars where the bartenders were generous to all the Zulu.

Mardi Gras Day 1949 dawned cloudy and cold. Thousands of New Orleanians—both white and black—braved the weather and awaited Armstrong's arrival at South Carrollton and the New Basin Canal.

Armstrong was scheduled to arrive at 8 am, but in the spirit of Mardi Gras didn't make it until 9. Armstrong was dressed in true kingly fashion. Besides the traditional tights and blackface, he wore a red velvet robe trimmed with gold sequins, a yellow plastic grass skirt, a red feathered crown, a thick "See-gar" and a silver sceptre.

When he stepped out of his black Cadillac limousine, he boarded the "royal" barge, loaned by the Jahncke Company, for the traditional ride down the old canal. A tugboat pulled the barge, loaded well past capacity with admirers and photographers, to the Jeff Davis Parkway, where Armstrong left the barge and

jumped back into his limousine and headed to the waiting parade.

The parade made its way down Calliope Street though a throng larger than anyone could remember. *Times Picayune* writer Ken Gormin reported it didn't take long for the fireworks to start: "...a husky Negro wielding a slab of wood objected to Grand Marshal James Alexander. He told him in colorful language he didn't like what the Grand Marshal was doing.

"Then he swung his slab and knocked the old Marshal's high silk topper from his head.

"Edward Hill, the mayor of the Zulus, forgot his high position and leaped out to take care of the situation. He knocked the roughneck onto a nearby trailer, bashing his head until blood spurted over his bright-hued costume and threw a gallon jug at him as the intruder broke and ran. The bottle struck the man and broke. The negro kept on running.

"Shouted the aroused mayor, 'The next one of you—who tries something like that's going to get raz-cod'."

"He made the motion of a razor whipping across the throat. The watchers who knew what he meant, applauded."

Apparently Armstrong looked down at the incident and laughed "My, my, just like old times."

The parade's first stop was at the Jahncke Service Company on Howard near Carondelet. As the King's float was toasted, its members threw candy bars and coconuts to the spectators. Armstrong used the pause to refresh himself from the supply of champagne stored underneath his throne.

Precisely at noon the Zulu parade arrived at its most important stop, the Gertrude Geddes Willis funeral home on Jackson Avenue. Armstrong spotted his wife Lucille in the reviewing stand and called out, "See you later, honey, maybe tomorrow."

He was then presented with his second key to the city, this one much larger, by Mrs. Willis. She also handed him a trumpet and someone else passed up a bottle of wine. Armstrong declined both, instead climbing down from the mule-drawn float when he saw his grandmother, Josephine Armstrong, on the balcony of the funeral parlor. He gave her a big hug and a kiss and said, "Hi baby-honey. How you doin', Granny?"

Armstrong posed for photos and threw silver coconuts to the throng. "Man this is my town," he beamed, as the public address system blared out his recordings of "Savoy Blues" and "Put 'em Down Blues." "This is the greatest city in the whole wide world," he added, swilling more champagne.

Then the Queen joined the King for a brief lunch upstairs in the funeral parlor. Downstairs a corpse was laid out, but no one seemed to mind. The lunch consisted of ham and turkey sandwiches. Armstrong ignored the copious supply of whiskey, instead climbing back on his King's float where three bottles of champagne were nestled.

The parade started off again, creeping its way down Jackson Avenue. Armstrong apologized for not playing his horn!

As the King and the Zulus made their way through the mass of humanity, two of the former Kings that rode on Armstrong's float were much the worse for wear and close to passing out.

The parade ended abruptly when the King's golden float broke down at 5 p.m. on the corner of Orleans and North Prieur. Armstrong was forced to abdicate, and was whisked away in his waiting limousine with the Queen, thereby preventing him from making stops at several bars that had advertised his appearance. It took less than ten minutes for the souvenir hunters to strip the royal float down to its chassis.

The rest of the floats took the cue by making their own way through various sections of the city. It was dawn. His reign was over.


After 1949, Armstrong still periodically returned home to enjoy Mardi Gras until his death in 1971, but never again ruled as King Zulu. As a tribute to their best-loved member, the Zulus honored his widow, Lucille Armstrong, by voting her their Queen in 1973.

Zulu gets bigger and better every year, but most will agree that the most unforgettable year was when Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong ruled as King Zulu. □

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Carnival Knowledge

1. Quick! Name Rex of 1982. _____
2. "On _____ and Rampart streets..." goes the phrase from "Mardi Gras Mambo" by the Hawkettes. What's this intersection? _____
3. This tribe is acknowledged as the oldest existing group of Mardi Gras Indians. _____
4. This krewe has its ball on January 6. Always. Name it. _____
5. This song was played in the very first Rex parade and is the official theme of Rex. "_____"
6. What is the first line of Al Johnson's Mardi Gras Classic, "Carnival Time"? _____
7. What other occasion besides Mardi Gras brings the Mardi Gras Indian tribes "officially" out in their regalia? _____
8. When Earl King was listed as author of "Big Chief," he used the name "E. Goines." Why? _____
9. Of what color cream cheese would the moon be made if ever I cease to love? _____
10. What krewe has a water parade as well as a street parade? _____
11. Name three loosely knit groups of maskers, now nonexistent, that were once a big part of the black Mardi Gras celebration? _____
12. What rock group was invited but never reigned in 1978 as Endymion's grand marshal(s)? _____
13. What's the oldest Carnival marching club? (It always precedes Rex on Mardi Gras Day) _____
14. What's the name of Pete Fountain's Marching Club? _____

(Answers to puzzle on page 49.)

Remembering Fess

It has been three years since the death of Henry Roeland Byrd, known as Professor Longhair, and his legend continues to grow. The abundance of posthumous albums and articles concerning Professor Longhair have made any fresh attempt at a biography a seemingly hopeless task. While most stories are rich with praise and have meticulously documented his early career and recording details, for the most part they have overlooked Longhair's personality and his musical reawakening.

The following is a brand new story, hopefully of interest to all music enthusiasts. Though it only deals with the latter period of his life, it is for us perhaps the most important of all because many of us witnessed it.

The mid-Sixties were a magical period as far as blues and rhythm and blues were concerned. A generation of young white music lovers was rediscovering many blues performers. Many of the older blues players were being brought out of retirement to record and perform for this suddenly enlightened audience.

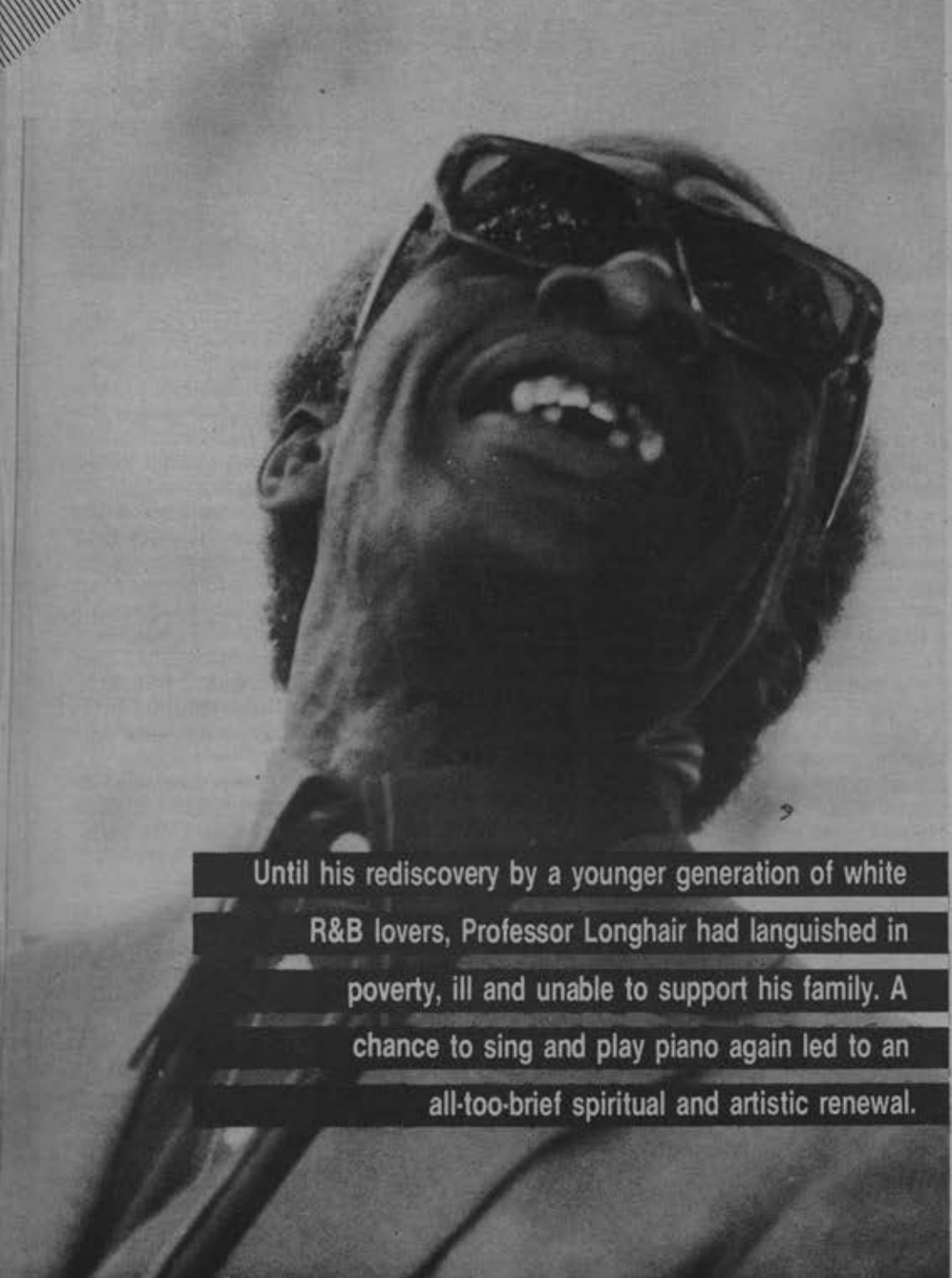
But for Longhair this era was one of gross neglect. He was no longer Professor Longhair, a romantic character who once topped the R&B heap in New Orleans, but Roy Byrd, another poverty stricken middle-aged man in poor health, who could barely support his extended family. "The record companies really missed out on Fess after 'Big Chief'," comments Earl King, referring to the 1960s. "They just thought of him as a good musician with a few good songs and forgot about him. There was a whole lot left in Fess, he had a lot of new ideas and approaches. It didn't take a whole lot to stir him up and inspire him, but they didn't stick around to find it out."

By 1969, rumors of his whereabouts began circulating around New Orleans and Europe. Stories concerning Longhair described him as bald, semi-bald, dead, crippled, on the West Coast, unable to play and retired.

Noted English journalist Mike Leadbitter managed to track down the elusive Longhair at his 1522 South Rampart Street address in early 1970 and described their meeting: "He was down and out, and very sad, as neglect, frustration and poor health had taken their toll. The man we met was no longer a big recording artist, but an old man forgotten by friends, the public, and the music industry."

Longhair also came to the attention of two young New Orleans music enthusiasts, Quint Davis and Allison Minor Kaslow. "I'd grown up with the great mass of people in New Orleans that had grown up subliminally knowing about Professor Longhair from hearing 'Go To the Mardi Gras' every year," reflects Quint Davis.

"But not ever having seen him, I didn't



Until his rediscovery by a younger generation of white R&B lovers, Professor Longhair had languished in poverty, ill and unable to support his family. A chance to sing and play piano again led to an all-too-brief spiritual and artistic renewal.



Professor Longhair at Woodstock, New York.

know if he was a real entity or not. The way I got started on Professor Longhair was the first time George Wein came down to do the Jazz and Heritage Festival in 1970. I took George down to the H&R Bar on Second and Dryades to see the Wild Magnolias. We went into a Sweet Shop next door and I played "Go To The Mardi Gras" on the jukebox and George stopped right there. George is a pianist — and he said, 'If you're gonna do a festival in New Orleans you better get that guy.' "

Longhair proved to be an elusive target, as Kaslow, who was then working at the Tulane Jazz Archives, adds: "It took almost a year for Quint and me to find him. There was this sense of mysteriousness about him from the first time I heard his name. The jazz people at Tulane didn't think he was that great because he wasn't strictly a jazz musician. Everytime we saw somebody on the bus or on the street with long hair or long fingers, we'd get excited and think it must be him."

The duo's persistence paid off as Davis eventually tracked Longhair down: "I'd heard he (Longhair) used to come around Assunto's—The One Stop—and he'd come in every year around Mardi Gras and borrow some money. One day I was in there asking about him and he walked in right behind me. Someone said, 'That's him, and I grabbed his hand and said, 'I've been looking for you.' "

"He wasn't playing then; he was in a totally depreciated state physically, along with the poverty and rejection. When he sat down, he couldn't get up. When he did stand up his knee would rattle around un-

til it set into a groove so he could move. He had a vitamin deficiency, he had no teeth, no digestion and he couldn't go to the bathroom. He didn't eat because he couldn't chew or digest anything.

"But he always had this great spirit to endure no matter what. I mean, he had to be 55 years old and to be living in that little house without a pot to piss in, and to start with nothing for an unknown public, and really believe you can have a reincarnation with all that work ahead of you. So I followed it up and got him to play the Jazz Festival gig at Congo Square."

As things turned out, the 1971 Jazz Festival was to be the major turning point in Longhair's career. "The first time I saw him he came hobbling through Congo Square with Sheba the drummer," continued Kaslow. "He looked just terrible. He had short hair and a suit on that had been pressed so many times it was shiny. But when he played it was like nothing I'd ever heard before. I'd been around a lot of the blues people, but Byrd was just so hip and full of energy it was different. I couldn't believe that here was all this talent seemingly going to waste."

Davis concurred: "I got Blind Snooks Eaglin to play with Fess for that first appearance. You've got to remember the Jazz Fest wasn't a big thing back then; there was hardly anybody there. But when Fess got up and played the upright piano, everything literally stopped. All the musicians and all the people came over to the stage where Fess was playing."

Longhair was the unabashed sensation of the 1971 Jazz Festival, sending

shockwaves of rhythm through the dumbfounded crowd. "He was like a different person after that," says Kaslow. "It was like he was suddenly ten years younger. He was the hippest person you'd ever want to meet."

Longhair also became a target for would-be managers and hangers-on not long after the Jazz Fest, according to Kaslow: "All of a sudden everyone wanted to take care of his business. They were just driving him nuts. But Fess, being such a nice guy, he was afraid to be mean, even to the people who were obviously taking advantage of him. When they wanted to manage him, he would lock himself inside an armoire and not come out until they left!"

It was eventually Davis who acted as Longhair's manager and confidant: "There really wasn't much work at all in the beginning," recalls Davis. "There wasn't this club scene like today where people actually went out to listen to New Orleans music. Once a month he might get a job out at Freddie Domino's Bar in the Ninth Ward. We did do the National Folk Festival that year (1971) but the real interest didn't come until later."

Davis feels that one of the keys that further boosted Longhair's "second" career was the demo session he arranged in 1972. "Me and Parker (Dinkins) took Fess, Snooks, Big Will and Sheba, went in the studio in Baton Rouge and cut thirty-four songs. That was the session that Jerry Wexler (Atlantic Records president) and Albert Grossman (then manager of The Band) heard. When they heard on the tapes that

he was playing his living ass off and that the music was there, some different forces came together. Wexler arranged the first European tour (in 1973) to Paris and Montreux with Toussaint and the Meters, which was filmed and recorded and was a killer. That was a big thing; it opened up to a lot of people that there was actually a Professor Longhair.

"Grossman had invited us up to Woodstock. We did some sessions that were supposed to come out on Bearsville but it didn't work out. I don't exactly know why—we did some killer sessions—but nothing ever came out. Grossman's got all the tapes.

"You see, Grossman's big; I mean he's just physically big, and that's the way he functioned. He moved with a lot of force. He created this hell of a community up there (Woodstock). He had Todd Rundgren, The Band, Paul Butterfield, the Full Tilt Boogie Band, and Foghat. He built the first really advanced studio, he was managing and he had the label.

"He seemed real interested and he initially made the investment (\$25,000 according to Kaslow) and that money was crucial. It paid for the Baton Rouge session. I bought Fess some clothes, a car and a piano.

"I think we got there (Woodstock) a day early, or something, and they put us in this house that wasn't finished; it didn't have electricity or a phone, and they told us to hang for a day or so, till they got it together. Well, if you're a 23-year-old Caucasian rock fan and were told to hang out in Woodstock that was one thing, but I was there with Blind Snooks Eaglin and Professor Longhair, and they didn't think things were happening at all. I'll never forget Snooks standing by the window and saying the sound of the snow was bothering him!

"When we were there we did one strange session with some guy, and then we did a whole afternoon with Full Tilt Boogie but it just wasn't happening. So I took 'em to New York and did a session with George Davis on bass, Honey Boy on drums and Earl Turbinton on saxophone. That was a killer session.

"We did another session in Memphis with Zigaboo (Modeliste) on drums and that session was a mother too."

Nonetheless those sessions have yet to see the light of day, while bootleg albums that contain inferior recordings of European concerts have proliferated. "Grossman's just not interested," claims Kaslow. "He just doesn't realize the importance of Professor Longhair. Grossman just doesn't know how to deal with black artists."

"I don't understand it, either," adds Davis. "They got the stuff sitting up there. But I'll tell you what, I'd like 'em just to send a dub of the session down here—that was some of the best recordings of Professor Longhair you'd ever want to hear."

In the meantime, Atlantic records issued the landmark *New Orleans Piano* album which collected the Atlantic sessions dating from 1949 and 1953. The album met with

world-wide acclaim and Longhair was subject to even more attention, which only served to speed up his metamorphosis.


"Fess was a lifelong professional musician," emphasized Davis. "He was dedicated to his art form so he always had all that style. But when his health started getting better and he started to walk good, he really started to take care of business—did we get a deposit, what about the piano, who's this musician. I started taking him to the VA hospital, because they had his record. He started taking vitamins, he started eating cheese, drinking milk, wearing glasses and seeing dentists. But how he was able to walk again and kick the piano was really miraculous. Having all those spiritual and physical juices back, and to be physically active at the piano—man, it made all the difference in the world to him."

Longhair remained an intensely loyal family man through periods of personal feast and famine. "His homelife was the one stable thing beyond all else in his life. Alice Walton Byrd was a rock. She could keep a family. You see, there were three generations of Alice's family in the house. There was her mother, and her grandmother that lay in a bed in the back of the house—she was damn near a hundred. There were kids and relatives always running in and out, and Fess felt like he was responsible for all of them. Next to being out there playing, the biggest thing in his life was coming home with some money to give Alice."

Jobs in New Orleans began picking up for Longhair. Davis continued: "We booked a few concert jobs around town, but they weren't too frequent. Fess was still like playing cards to get the rent money. Then we got a job at Crazy Shirley's on Bourbon Street, which was pretty nice because it was just a couple of hours in the afternoon. The first club stuff was at Jed's. Jed (Palmer) was the first person to book him at Mardi Gras and ask a dollar at the door. See, people in New Orleans never paid a cover charge before to go see music."


Davis rented a house at 1517 South Rampart which served as a rehearsal hall and studio for Longhair and the Wild Magnolias. Little by little his whole family moved into the new house and it was here that tragedy befell Longhair when the house burned to the ground, ironically during the 1974 Jazz Festival. "Everything burned," sighs Davis. "I mean everything. There was nothing left but ashes. A four-story clapboard got torched just behind the house and everything around it went up. After all we'd done and all we had built up, all he had left were the clothes on his back. And he wore those same clothes for weeks because he had nothing else to wear. He was miserable because there was no insurance on the contents and I think he felt it was my fault. But it was just one of those things where I just didn't think about insurance."

A hastily arranged benefit took place at the Warehouse the Monday after the festival with the likes of Allen Toussaint, Earl King, Dr. John and Tommy Ridgley.



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Nonetheless, only a thousand people showed up and less than \$4,500 was raised. Realizing that Longhair was in a jam, Phillippe Rault of the French Barclay label offered him \$750 to record an album with Gatemouth Brown in Bogalusa.

Starting over again was no easy task but Longhair persisted. Besides Jed's, Davis began booking dances at the 501 Club and another European tour was arranged for 1975. Around this period of time Longhair's management reverted to Kaslow—who had briefly moved to Nashville—when Davis's commitments to organizing the New Orleans Jazz Festival began taking up most of his time.

Under Kaslow's direction, Longhair increased the size of his band and upped his personal appearance fee. Longhair also came to the attention of Paul McCartney, who was in New Orleans recording during 1976. McCartney hired Longhair to play a private party aboard the Queen Mary, and arranged to record the performance for Harvest records. "Byrd had no idea who Paul McCartney was," laughs Kaslow. "He had never even heard of the Beatles. Even though he'd been to Europe and all across the country, his world was right there on Rampart Street with his family."

During 1977, an ambitious group of young New Orleanians tired of having few places for Longhair to play in town. They organized their ideas and funds and opened up the old 501 Club and renamed it Tipitina's in Longhair's honor.

Despite all odds Professor Longhair had

finally made it. He bought a new house on Terpsichore Street, not far from his former residence. In 1978, Kaslow claims he made \$32,000. "Byrd got to the point where he didn't have to struggle, he was making a comfortable living. You never saw a happier man. He was always lending money out to his friends or buying diapers for some woman in the neighborhood."

Longhair stayed busy either working Tipitina's or other uptown clubs, and occasionally jetting off to New York or Europe. During November 1979, a much-needed recording session was arranged at Sea-Saint Studio for Alligator Records, with one of Fess's proteges, Dr. John helping out on guitar.

"He'd never been more satisfied with anything he'd ever recorded," sighs Kaslow, who helped produce the *Crawfish Fiesta* album. "Everything went perfectly. Byrd was so pleased, he couldn't wait for it to come out."

But sadly he never would live to see it. On January 30, 1980, he died less than 24 hours before the record hit the stores.

His widow, Alice Walton Byrd, recalls his last night: "The evening he passed, he was riding around with that fellow in the wheelchair, Richard. He came home and laid down. Then he got up around ten o'clock and took his little grandson down by Picou's to get a dozen twisters. He came back and I thought it was peculiar that he didn't want no coffee, no twister, no nothin'.

"He laid down on the bed. So I went in

the kitchen and Alvin (a son who lives upstairs) had come in from work and I told Alvin to shut the door and be careful to lock it.

"He (Longhair) said, 'Alice who you talkin' to?'

"I said, 'I'm talkin' to Alvin. I told him to lock the door.'

"He said, 'Oh, I heard you.'

"So I ate some rice kind of late that night, and I came out of the kitchen after doin' my dishes. So I told Byrd, 'You know, I got a heart burn.'

"He said, 'Darlin' you eat too late.'

"So I said, 'Maybe you right.'

"Then I heard him cough.

"I said, 'Byrd?'

"He didn't moan, he didn't groan, but I'd seen my mother die, and I knowed right away he was gone."

So ended the life of one of New Orleans' most popular and celebrated musicians. His wake and funeral crushed the tiny Majestic Funeral Home on Dryades Street. The second line that followed Longhair to the cemetery stretched an unprecedented ten blocks.

Sadly some of New Orleans' musical magic was buried along with Longhair. It's no secret that the city's rhythm and blues scene hasn't been the same since his untimely death.

Kaslow best eulogizes Longhair and New Orleans' loss when she states, "He just created that unclassifiable happy music. Hearing it again on record is just not the same. He was a one of a kind." □

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Spirit Red



By Kalamu ya Salaam

'Me and Red, we didn't talk too much about him being an Indian. I mean, what was there to talk about? Red just did what he had to do. He saved him money. He bought his feathers. He made his new suit every year...'

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always called him Spirit Red. Nothing else. He would dress out in colors so hot they made the sun blush. But I didn't call him Spirit Red because he was what we used to call "marigny," a color something like crushed St. Joseph brick rubbed into a St. Bernard Street cement staircase outside somebody's unpainted shotgun. His taut, scarred skin that resembled the color of light from a flashlight had nothing to do with his Indian name. The challenge and intensity of his ways were what he was named for.

Some Wild Men run up and down flashing blades in their hands, making invitations to step back you have to accept. Not Spirit Red. He never showed a knife, nor the long, long forty-four handgun one of his entourage faithfully carried. He never showed even a fist. Just his face, his breathing, his eyes — and you saw and stepped back to make way for the jeweled boot of his Indian Chief.

Spirit Red wasn't a chief. Wasn't a spy boy. Wasn't a wild man either. He was Spirit Red, kept everybody together.

"I'm going to get Wingy, man," he said to none of us in particular early one Fat Tuesday, and started stepping out at an olympic walker's pace, heading straight up the middle of the street towards some up-town bricks over five miles away.

Caught off guard, a ragged band of accompanists, chanting and sweating, beating cans and beer bottles, and straining to keep up with Spirit Red, marched surrounding him like a mobile human envelope. Red's procession managed to keep up by the hardest. Sometimes some of them would straggle behind for a block or so then run to catch up, then straggle, then run. Spirit Red was moving.

A lot of people were out looking for pretty Indians with lots of feathers and stones on top of stones, but Red showed how it's not just about being pretty, his jaw determinedly set as he surveyed the three o'clock scene of people lounging about waiting for the chief to come out. Being an Indian was a deeper thing. Dressing wasn't about show; you had to have some master plan to your game.

One year Red broke out in a hot pink outfit. Made you think you were seeing a mirage at first, the way the colors would vibrate when you first glimpsed him rounding the corner or jumping up on Mo's front steps to call Crazy Eyed Clarence on out. Red would be shouting through the door,

This is an excerpt from Banana Republic, a forthcoming book by Kalamu ya Salaam and Keith Calhoun.



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didn't need to ring a bell. Clarence, who would have heard him from the first, would throw the door open. Red would whirl, shout, jump down and start to walking again, going like he came.

Once I watched him dress inside before he showed out. He had straps on this part, and elastic on that part. What looked like all one part was really three parts ingeniously mated. He grinned when I said how hip that was to put the wrist part on top of the shirt and the gloves on top of that. It was a bird with teeth or something in its mouth. Red grinned. He knew.

Sometimes early in the morning or late at night I'd see him running. Red didn't jog; he ran, hard. Would make a dog drop trying to keep up with him. His body was always lean. He had his regular name at those times; only when he was dressed out on the two days that they came out as Indians, Mardi Gras and St. Joseph's, was he Spirit Red.

Me and Red, we didn't talk too much about him being an Indian. I mean, what was there to talk about. Red just did what he had to do. He saved his money. He bought his feathers. He made his new suit every year.

Working on that costume was a year-round preoccupation, especially after Thanksgiving. Sewing and glueing. But, even so, it was more about the practices and the being together. Like on Sundays when they would practice. Shouting for hours, banging on the bar top and on turned-over buckets, and homemade drums, and tambourines, and always wine and beer bottles. And afterwards they'd eat from paper plates. Usually beans and rice with some kind of sausage on the side. And laugh. But really be together, cause the world was always carrying some one of us away from here. For Red and all the others, being together was the only security and happiness that really mattered.

Unlike some of the other Indians from other parts of town, Red had hooked up with Jerome, a civil rights activist who remained active even into the Eighties, organizing kids around sports and Indian culture but always stressing academics and Black consciousness. And the kids responded, especially to Red whose physical development they admired, and whose spiritual strength they emulated.

Whenever you were on their turf, you knew it. There were literally signs, like the concrete support columns of the expressway which they had painted. Colorful designs declaimed "Dope Is Death," a sentiment that led them into conflict with certain segments of the underground economy. But they were Indians, not social workers. They had street smarts, a whole lot of heart and muscle, and a willingness to live by Malcolm's famous maxim: "by any means necessary." And on top of which, they worked with kids.

They started out with the kids almost from the time a child first could walk to the corner on his own. From early on, the kids were taught to be Indians. Even though few, if any, Indians or followers could tell you the meaning of the Indian

tradition, or even identify the language of the chants, Red and most of the Indians believed in the importance of passing those traditions on.

Red had definite feelings about the sacredness of Indian culture. Red's tribe didn't like outsiders, didn't much care who you were. Broke one guy's camera one time. The cat seemed like he was more hurt behind being rejected than behind his lens getting cracked. And Lord, don't let television people come by. Red told them one day that if they didn't leave he wasn't going to be responsible for what happened to them. They left. But it wasn't about not wanting pictures, because Red and the tribe had their own photographer who had grown up with them. Red never had eyes for appearing on a poster in an airport somewhere advertising for tourists to come to New Orleans.

Red said, though, even with all they tried, dealing with the kids and trying to keep to the real way, they still saw the Indian culture changing although Red didn't like to label things, he and the tribe recognized the Africanness in what they did and saw the tribe like a society.

The money it cost to do it right put it all on another level. Some Indians can't come out every year. And some Indians have sold their colors to white people who come 'round to buy Indian costumes. Red's people spit on the ground a lot when they talk about Indians who sell their colors.

Red and I talked about the old days once, what the older Indians said it was like.

It used to be real fighting, using the guns and knives on each other. As the fighting became more ritual than real, the costumes became the battleground, and more emphasis was put on the sewing and the design. Even though there's a lot of fight in Red, he understood the shift from clashing in the street to putting craft into the costumes. Red pointed directly to Jerome for much of that change. And Jerome talked about how when he was young, maybe five or six, he watched the Indians in their costumes and knew the Indians who made those costumes. Jerome, relaxed in a chair, his eyes dancing, his voice strong and low, related how the Indians instilled a pride of self into him that could never be shaken. "I mean, after I seen the chief and all that, I knew there wasn't nothing that Rex or none of them others could do that could match that. They wasn't nothing. They could never be as pretty as the Indians."

The tribe gave pride to young men who were, more likely than not, destined for parish prison. Being an Indian didn't always keep them out of jail but it did give them a reason not to go to jail if they could help it. The tribe moved as if they all were related by blood.

Everybody in the neighborhood was proud when you were an Indian. "Chile, my li'l cousin [li'l cousin being thirty-some years old], he coming out Indian this year, yeah. Gon' be pretty and I'm going to be right there."

You got a lot of respect for being in In-

dian culture. After all, where else could a New Orleans public school educated, unskilled or semi-skilled, black laborer get such respect?

Red was laughing loud one time, talking about how, come Mardi Gras, he could strut up in his boss' face and the man wouldn't even know it was him dressed out in a handmade outfit whose beauty his boss would be admiring. He wouldn't know it was Red's steps danced in the middle of the street that he envied and wished he could imitate. Animated, Red bent at the waist laughing about the blindness of his boss.

"When boss look at us, he don't see nothing but dumb boys with strong arms he pay four dollars a hour. That man will never understand what it means to be an Indian."

But then, even Black folks from away from here sometimes cannot understand why a poor man would invest so much in being an Indian. Somebody from Chicago who had never seen this before: "Why Indians with them wigs and shit? What they got to do with being Black? What all that mean?"

Obviously, on one level, literally it doesn't mean much of anything. Literally, it's about costuming during a church-sanctioned and business-blessed pagan holiday. But on another level, Red and some of the others are reaching back into collective memories from when escaped slaves would join up with the Indians to live and fight back.

Traditional musician and folk historian Danny Barker points out that the Indians used to hide out in the Black community from the federal marshals who were looking for Indians to ship them out to reservations. Barker recalled federal marshals would come around looking for Indians and would say "Who's that, who's so and so?" And our people would protect the Indians, saying "Him, oh he ain't Indian, he's colored."

When you get down to it, the more you look, the more you see.

Still I wonder how many more Mardi Gras mornings will come and go before the Indian is a thing of the past.

I see Red crouched in the street, hollering a chant, scurrying back and forth, moving on feelings and attitudes transferred down to him. His eyes intense, possessed in a ritual ecstasy. A knee bent, a foot raised, and his body swaying almost like it's falling, but it's dancing in tune to a deep drummer with an ancient beat. Red shakes his head, his feathers rustle, his costume makes sounds.

"EEEEEE-YAAAAA!" Goodness.

Red runs about twenty feet up the block. Runs back. Shouts. Looks through us at something. There is something heavy going down. So heavy, can't say. We don't say no, don't say yeah. We just dance with it, and if our ear is good or we've been doing this a long time, we sing the chants. But at that moment in the street, in the sun, Red by his slave name is gone. That is not him whirling in your face.

"EEEEEE-YAAAAA!" God among us. And at that moment we are all religious. □

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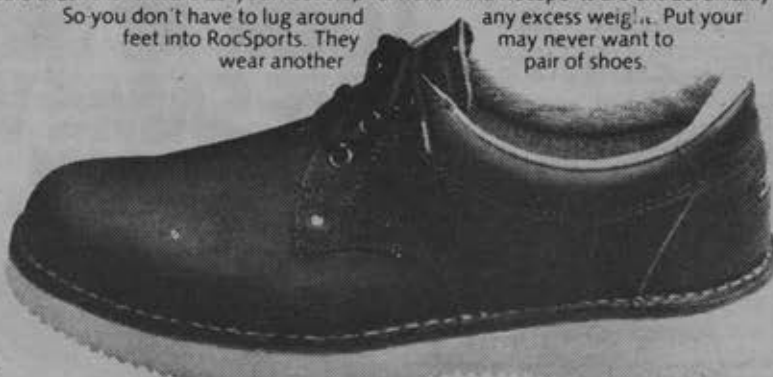
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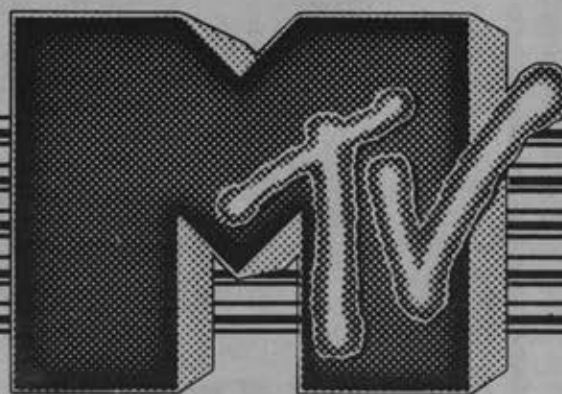
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Junkanoo 1983

By Gene Scaramuzzo

*We rushin', we rushin',
rushin' through the crowd
We standin', standin',
standin' tall and proud
Steel, steel, see we strong as steel
Steel steel, steel we can't feel*

—Exuma

"Rushin' through The Crowd"

Although junkanoo has been celebrated over the years throughout the Caribbean, Central America, and even the U.S., nowhere else but in the Bahamas has it developed into an annual event of such significance and grandeur.

Junkanoo in Nassau, Bahamas. A celebration of night, from 4 am until 9 am on December 26 and again on January 1. Crowds of people, beautiful costumes, a cacophony of cowbells, drums and whistles. A celebration, yes, but more importantly, a competition. Who has the best costumes; who plays the baddest music? Read the above lyrics and think of New Orleans' Mardi Gras Indian gangs. Nassau has its gangs, too—junkanoo gangs. The Valley Boys, the Saxons, the Music Makers, the Pigs. But unlike New Orleans' Mardi Gras where the Indians are only one small part of the overall carnival, in the Bahamas the junkanoo gangs are junkanoo.

Although junkanoo occurs only during the Christmas holidays, gang membership is a year-round pre-occupation. Costumes must be designed and then handmade, and many take as long as six months to complete. Complicating this is the fact that themes and costumes used on Boxing Day Morning (December 26) are not used again on January 1. Consequently, gangs must design and complete two sets of costumes each year.

The type of costuming has gone through many changes over the approximately 300 years of its history in the Caribbean. Presently, in Nassau, costumes are made by pasting crepe paper on clothing or on hard surfaces such as cardboard. Each gang has its trademark colors. Designs are accomplished by cutting fringes along the crepe paper and continuously overlapping one fringed strip over another. The smaller the fringes, the softer the look of the costumes and the more elaborate the

possibilities. Using crepe paper cut into fringes of one-eighth inch length, it might take many weeks just to paste up a pair of pants.

Each gang has a paste-up shack where the costumes are made, and these shacks are heavily guarded by gang members once work has begun. Secrecy of costume theme and designs must be maintained. Rival gangs have been known to steal themes (through a system of spyboys similar to those utilized by New Orleans' Indian gangs) and then to construct even more elaborate designs based on the stolen theme. Security is relaxed a few weeks before junkanoo because by then it would be impossible to duplicate costume designs that have taken months to construct. A typical costume always includes a head-piece, shirt and pants; extra adornments include breast and backplates, as well as aprons to cover from the waist down to calves.

Music is the other important element of rushing (the term used for participating in junkanoo) provided by each gang. This music is actually all rhythm. Except for a bugle here and there, no instruments capable of playing a melody are used. Cowbells (that are shaken, not struck with a stick) establish the tempo. The size of the bells range from 12 inches in length down to 4 inches, and there may be as many as 125-150 gang members shaking them. The biggest bells keep the tempo with a steady ka-lack, ka-lack, while the smaller bells play twice that speed and are also banged together to add syncopation. Controversy surrounded the 1982 junkanoo over the increased use of sheet metal for making bells, replacing the old style steel bells. The sheet metal bells are lighter and they sound as good as the steel bells, but many argue that they don't hold up as well. And it's true that a strong pair of bells is needed to survive the frenzy of five hours of continuous shaking.

Adding bottom and further syncopation to the rhythm are the goatskin drums. These drums provide the same "punch in the stomach" feeling that the bass and tenor drums provide in New Orleans marching bands, yet they are played by hand. (In fact, there are no drumsticks used for any instrument in junkanoo.) Until recently, the goatskin drums were made of wood with a goatskin head stretched across one end. The goatskin must be heated in order



RICKY CORTES

to tighten it enough to be played, so one problem for the drummers was that every block or two they had to dash behind Bay Street to the market area where gang members were tending fires for heating up the drums. This system has disappeared completely from junkanoo now, thanks to a unanimously accepted new drum design by Nassau's foremost goatskin drummer, John "Chippy" Chipman. Chippy designed a drum out of small oil barrels (ranging from about 25 to 45 gallon barrels). By fastening a strip of wood around one end of the barrel, he is able to attach the goatskin head. Inside the barrel, a flaming can of sterno is suspended with wire, making the drum completely mobile and indepen-

tricately designed breastplates and headpieces. (The Music Makers were costumed as cowbells.) No one was masked, but some faces were painted. There was a semblance of parade formation, the bulkiness of most of the costumes dictating this, but there was no attempt at choreography, just total random frenzy and excitement. Although there was a party atmosphere to some extent, there was a stronger feeling of an unleashing of emotions...anger, hostility, frustration. While the most beautifully costumed gang members willingly posed for pictures, the majority ignored the crowd.

Typical of the state of excitement, almost possession, of most members was

sheets should be sufficient. Next, make a stop at Megon's house for some cowbells. Megon makes practically every bell used at junkanoo. Make a quick deal, and head back home, but on the way, stop to buy a bag of flour. Once home, make a paste out of the flour and water. A quick costume can be made with some old clothes by using the patch and frill method. Instead of layering strip after strip of fringed crepe paper like is necessary for a really beautiful costume, alternate a few fringed strips with a wide (approximately 6 inch) patch of paper. In this manner a mediocre looking but adequate costume can be made in an hour or two.

Scrap gangs are the last remaining wild element in the Nassau junkanoo. Early in the night, a scrap gang may consist of as few as three or four members, but the ranks quickly grow. They are joined by other individuals who costumed but didn't form a scrap gang of their own, and also by outcast members of established gangs. These outcasts are those whose costumes have been damaged to such a degree that they might hurt their gang's rating with the judges for best costumes. Consequently, in most cases, scrap gangs are not much to look at, but as their numbers multiply (sometimes to as many as 200 members), their music begins to rival the established gangs.

Established gangs play their specific rhythms in an endlessly repeated set of cadences, but the scrap gangs improvise, competing for the ears of the listeners. Some of the most interesting rhythms are created each year by the scrap gangs.

One of the wildest sights to see is one of the scrap gangs rushing through an established gang. Although they might rush through at any point along the route, particularly feisty scrap gangs have been known to wait until an established gang is passing through the judges area at Bay Street and Frederick. Here they'll rush through the ranks, playing their instruments as loud as they can to a completely different rhythm in the hope of throwing off the beat of the established gang, hurting their music rating and their costume rating due to the raggedy condition of most of the scrap gang's costumes. Naturally, more than one fight has ensued over this practice. At this year's junkanoo, both the Music Makers (who ended up winning the \$3,000 first prize) and the Saxons (third place, behind the Valley Boys) had their entire gangs roped off in order to prevent any trouble from scrap gangs.

The history of the evolution of the junkanoo gangs from violent competition to the presently controlled form of rushing parallels the New Orleans Mardi Gras Indian gangs. Although there are no formal judges for the New Orleans Indians as there are for the junkanoo gangs, competition for both groups presently centers around costumes and music. New Orleans' elusive Indian gangs, though they've lost much of their mystery and unpredictability, still remain as possibly the most exotic element of New Orleans Mardi Gras, as the wild and exciting gangs of junkanoo remind us.



RICKY CORTES

dent. Every single goatskin drum used in this year's junkanoo celebration was of this design, and was in fact made by Chipman. Chipman, by the way, appeared at the 1982 New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival along with the Bahamian Folk Troupe.

Adding to the cacophony of the drums and bells are wind instruments. Police whistles are used in abundance, both for blowing a syncopated rhythm and for long blasts, along with a handful of bugles, trombones and trumpets. The most widely used horn, though, is the bicycle horn. Five or six of these horns of various pitches are fastened together and a single mouthpiece is made from a strip of hose. These make a sound somewhere between that of a car and a toy train.

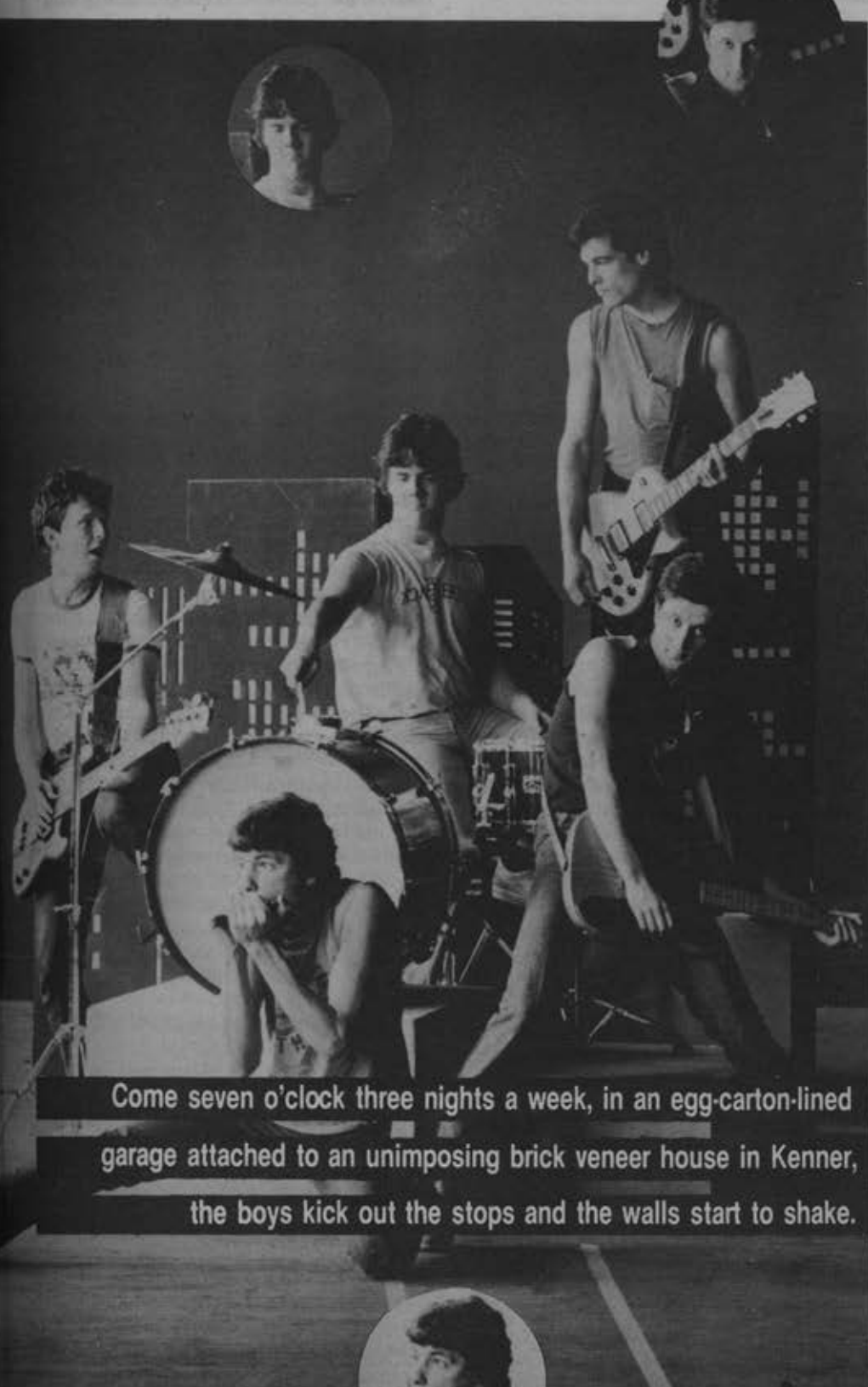
Junkanoo on Boxing Day Morning, 1982, could only be described as organized chaos. Each gang was led by the costume that stated its theme, followed by the large and more beautiful costumes. The most elaborate were so huge (the Saxons, for instance, had fifteen costumes that measured approximately 20 feet in width and 12 feet high) that the person wearing one could do little more than walk slowly up the street. The smaller scale costumes ranged to 5 or 6 feet in width and allowed the wearer to play one of the instruments. The drummers and many others wear in-

one teenager who was slowly turning around in circles as he advanced in short jumps in time to his cowbells. His eyes were glazed, unfocused, aimed down at the ground. He never once looked up. It can only be imagined now what it must have been like in the days before junkanoo was "civilized," when the route on Bay Street was two-way so that rival gangs rushed past each other moving in opposite directions. There is no doubt that junkanoo had a wilder, shorter-fused spirit, with a higher likelihood of violence.

Yet, then and now, with all the individuality of expression, every gang member is tuned into the gang's one tempo, one rhythm. The bells, the goatskin drums, the whistles, bugles and horns all add their musical pitches, but there is no mistaking the trademark syncopation, the endlessly repeated cadences of each gang.

What about those who want to rush, but who are not members of one of the established gangs? Easy...they form a scrap gang. All that's needed is a costume, and for added enjoyment, an instrument. If some free transportation can be acquired (possibly the most difficult task on Nassau), just turn onto Market Road and head up into the Grove. This is Music Makers territory. Crepe paper for a costume is easy to find here; five or six

The Backbeats



Come seven o'clock three nights a week, in an egg-carton-lined garage attached to an unimposing brick veneer house in Kenner, the boys kick out the stops and the walls start to shake.

As the occasional mohawk mingles with the greasy pompadours, and 1943 pleated baggies stand side by side with studded leather and polkadotted miniskirts, the "new music" scene (for lack of a better term) in New Orleans grows more hazy by the day as young bands fade into post-punk obscurity. But the best rock'n'roll song, be it revivalist or avant garde, has some undeniable characteristics that remain evident. Among them are a simplicity of structure, both rhythmic and melodic, and a thematic interest in life, love, and personal or public rebellion.

The Backbeats are a New Orleans band that remains indifferent to the trappings of new-wave "fascist fashion" by taking the stage in t-shirts and tennis shoes and pumping out tight, energetic sets of interesting rock songs with a sound that displays both the musical purity of the Fifties and the potency of modern music.

The band was born of an earlier outfit called the Heartbeats, which included original members Paul Sanchez (bass/vocals), John Herbert (harmonica/vocals), and Fred LeBlanc (drums/vocals). Jack Burk was added on guitar and the Heartbeats became the Backbeats. The recent addition of Steve Walters on bass has given the band more depth and allowed Sanchez to switch from bass to guitar.

In addition to his writing and vocal contributions, Sanchez has developed an expressive lead guitar style that complements Burk's understated technique. Paul plays a Fender Telecaster electric and uses an Ibanez Tone Screamer that he kicks in for increased lead volume and a pleasant dollop of distortion. On stage he may break down to his knees, jump up jerking side to side, or duckwalk during a scorching run to give the act visual stimulus and energy; when the audience starts to dance, so does Paul. Jack Burk's Les Paul offers a cleaner, smoother tone that fits his static stage manner and level-headed technique. His fills of sliding sevenths and octaves have almost a country inflection.

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The Backbeats practice in a carpet-and-egg-carton-lined garage attached to Sanchez's unimposing brick veneer home in suburban Kenner. Paul's mom is a jolly, unpretentious lady whose support (and garage) is an essential factor in the continuing musical development of her son and his band. The atmosphere here is friendly and communal; jambalaya and redfish aromas encircle a laughing baby as someone asks "catch me a beer." The amps, P.A., and drum kit sit quietly during the day listening to the jets pass overhead, but come seven o'clock, three nights a week, the boys kick out the stops and the walls start to shake. Best of all, the neighbors never complain.

Indeed, there is little room for subdued

feel due to its upbeat tempo, chunky rhythm guitar, and most importantly, a new bass line. Sanchez explains: "I wrote that song just before Steve joined the band and we used to play it fairly straight; the bass line was pretty standard. Then Steve explained that the root of the ska sound is in the bass pattern, so we reworked it."

Another major change in the Backbeats' direction has been to play more originals (many written recently) and fewer cover songs. What used to be eight or ten well chosen covers a night is now only three or four — good move if your original material is top-notch; a risky switch if it isn't.

Some of their audience may find the Backbeats' music too simple and redundant. Several songs do skirt that dangerous



lyrical delicacy in the drumming of Fred LeBlanc. His job is to nail down a rock-solid "backbeat" for this crew and he does it with the almost frightening ferocity of a jackhammer. His smallest cymbal gives new meaning to the word "crash."

Herbert has an unusual method of harmonica playing: "I play the harp backwards and upside down. I just never looked at the numbers when I was learning how to play!" His musical exposure goes back to early childhood. "We were practically reared on Dixieland jazz. My grandparents called me and my little brothers 'Pork Chop and Kidney Stew.' They'd throw quarters and we'd dance to Pete Fountain and The Dukes of Dixieland for 'em." His harp style owes more to modern influences like Jimmy Hall (Wet Willie) and Magic Dick (J. Geils Band) than Little Walter or Junior Wells.

Bassist Steve Walters may seem relaxed and casual on a first meeting but there is a nervous energy behind his friendly eyes that manifests itself in a fine, anonymous bass hand, well-written songs, and a diplomatic ability to suggest changes or revisions in arrangements or directions. "To keep your audience off balance," he stresses, "you've got to give 'em a different sound. I've been working to update the Backbeats' sound a little, not to drop the late Fifties feel that this band has, even in the originals, but to expand it, make it a fuller, rounder sound."

A fine example of his influence is a slightly revised arrangement of "Loving You So Long" that sports a new lively ska

region of repetition where beer-laden listeners begin to yawn and head for the door. This criticism has crossed the mind of Paul Sanchez. "It's very easy to be too jazzy for the rock clubs and too rockin' for the jazz clubs. Our music is simple, but hopefully it's not boring."

The Backbeats use several structural devices to keep their songs a little off center and interesting. Many tunes contain stop-time beats where everybody halts for just an instant before breaking loose, which effectively adds tension to a song. "Listen" is an almost James Brown-ish exercise in nervous funk that uses a skittering chord progression of overlapping sevenths and ninths.

Possibly the best song in The Backbeats' repertoire is Sanchez' "Catholic School," an unholy, sardonic picture of adolescent frustration that gets its classic rock feel through boyish vocal harmonies, a standard G-C-D chord change, an animated tempo and bull's eye lyrics:

*Nuns used to hit me
Teachers used to hate me
Principal's on the rag
'Cause I was just a boy in a catholic school
where pleasure was pain
and we lived by the rules
of the Sacred Academy of the Sisters of Misery...*

*It's hard to be wicked
It's hard to be cool
When you're growin' up in catholic school...*

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ROCK 'N' ROLL BOOKSHELF

A quartet of books for rockomaniacs for whom no detail is irrelevant or inessential.

The supposed permanence of books contrasts sharply with the ephemeral quality of music in general and of pop music in particular. Since the beginning of rock 'n' roll, we have seen books published that reflected this ephemerality, mostly quickie picture books and bios of the latest sensations, designed primarily not to inform the fan, nor even to sell books, but to promote records and concerts. Such books are still published at an alarming rate, especially in England where impermanence is a way of life for musicians, but it is a measure of rock's maturity that new types of books are now appearing. There are in-depth analyses of a single artist's work (Elvis and Dylan are biggest in this category), scholarly histories of styles of regions (for example, Robert Palmer's *Memphis Rock and New Orleans Roll*), and even reference books.

All the books under review here are reference books, and like almost all such books related to rock music, they are variations on the discography. Ordinarily reference books are not meant to be read straight through, but merely to be referred to for information. For fans, however, all of these books are suitable for hours of pleasurable browsing.

Rock On: The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Rock n' Roll—The Solid Gold Years. Updated Edition. Norm N. Nite. New York: Harper & Row, 1982. \$18.95 hardback.

This book is the least useful of the three books we're reviewing. Nite is a DJ who refers to himself as "Mr. Music" (both this and the book's title are registered trademarks, believe it or not), and his book is a combination discography and biographical dictionary. Entries include name, birthdate, hometown, and biographical sketch, followed by a list of song titles. The biographies are a joke. There is not much variation in length among them, which produces strange equivalencies, such as the entries for Tony Orlando and a major artist like Roy Orbison being adjacent to one another and equal in length. And most of them are written according to the same formula—how they got their start/why they hit it big/where are they now. For example, the entry for local legend Jessie Hill reads as follows:

"Jessie was a pianist who worked a lot in New Orleans. Working with Allen Toussaint, Jessie recorded a song he wrote call-

ed 'Ooh Poo Pah Doo, Parts 1 & 2' in the spring of 1960. The record was released on the New Orleans label Minit. The chanting sounds and rhythmic beat made the part two side of the record a national hit. Today Jessie continues to write and has written a song called 'Qualify' for Dr. John and his group."

The prose style here is high school remedial (and even so, it pales in comparison with Dick Clark's embarrassing showbiz introduction), but, ignoring that, we notice that the suggestion of inside information clashes jarringly with the fact that the sketch tells us nothing we need to know or couldn't have guessed.

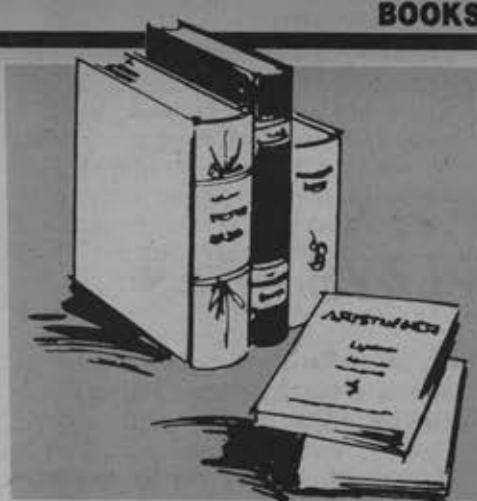
The discographies are also a problem. They do not give catalog numbers or, ordinarily, the names of B sides, but only month/year and record label. There is no indication anywhere of the criteria for including songs. Is the date that of release or of highest chart position? And what about chart position? Many of these songs are by no means hits, and the information on dates is presumably from *Billboard*. Are these songs that made the Top 100? Why doesn't Nite explain?

The book isn't all bad. It's fun to read, even if you can't trust an expert who thinks "That's All Right, Mama" is the song Elvis recorded for his mother. And despite the title, the book includes such decidedly non-rock performers as Patsy Cline, Mario Lanza, and Henry Mancini. But it is reasonably priced, the photos are nice, and this new edition (there is a second volume for the post-1964 era) contains an index of song titles, its only really useful feature, which allows you to find out the performer of a song if you know only the title.

Other books, however, perform similar services much more economically. For example, Jim Quirin and Barry Cohen's *Rock 100*, published by Chartmasters (of Covington, La.), is artist indexed and uses an elaborate set of formulas for weighting *Billboard* chart positions to determine the top hundred songs for a given year. The original book covered 1956-76, but updates have been available for each subsequent year.

Rock Record. Terry Hounscome and Tim Chambre. New York: Facts on File, Inc., 1981. \$9.50 paperback.

Rock Record attempts something much more ambitious, but for albums instead of





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FATS PLAYS FESS

Fats Domino
"Mardi Gras In New Orleans"
Imperial 5231

Here's a Mardi Gras rhythm and blues oddity, the Fatman doing a bang-up version of Longhair's Carnival classic. Released in March 1953, this isn't an ultra-rare 78, as it was the flip side of Fats' number one R&B hit "Goin' To The River."

What is interesting is the Fats' rendition predates Longhair's "hit" version of the tune which was recorded on Ron records just before Carnival in 1959. Domino and Bartholomew were obviously impressed with Longhair's early 1950 version on Atlantic (Longhair had even recorded it a

(Continued from page 33) singles. "Everything you ever wanted to know about damn near every rock record ever made — ever!" screams the book's cover.

Well, not exactly. What we get is a computer output discography in which each artist's entry contains a chronological list of album titles with year, country, label, and catalog number for each. Even better, each entry lists musicians (group members as well as session musicians) for each record, and at the back of the book there's an index of musicians so that the reader can follow a current favorite through all his or her past bands and guest spots. Before long this searching takes on a labyrinthine quality that's just perfect for the obsessive lurking just below the surface of every fan.

Like *Rock On*, *Rock Record* exhibits some confusion of genres (e.g., it has complete entries for Little Walter, Chick Corea, and Waylon Jennings), but my only real complaint is that producers are not listed along with musicians. It would not have been any more difficult, and I can't imagine why it wasn't done. A new, corrected edition is due out this year (the cutoff date for this edition is early 1981), and I hope this information can be included.

International Discography of the New Wave—Volume (II) 1982/83. B. George and Martha Defoe. New York: One Ten Records, Omnibus Press, 1982. \$12.99 paperback

This book is similar to *Rock Record*, but because its scope is narrower it can attempt to be comprehensive. This is an expanded edition of a book entitled *Volume*, first published in 1980. *Volume* mostly intended as a guide to music on independent labels, but in the two years since it was first published, major labels have become much more aware of new music, and the new edition does not discriminate against them. The editors still wisely refuse to define the



year earlier for the ill-fated Star Talent label) as they incorporate Longhair's whistle and the unorthodox calypso beat, note-for-note.

Helping out Fats was Wendell Duconge, alto; Herb Hardesty, tenor; Walter "Papoose" Nelson, guitar; Frank Fields, bass; Cornelius Coleman, drums. □

—Almost Slim

term new wave, preferring to let their inclusion and exclusions do that, but the preface to the first edition stated that "the contents have more to do with a particular time frame than any one logical style."

The basic information in this volume is similar to that in *Rock Record*, except that it includes singles, EP's, and cassettes, as well as albums, the titles are listed alphabetically instead of chronologically (my only beef), and not all entries list band members. But although there is no index, the notes at the ends of entries are very helpful in tracking people down, and they often act as capsule histories of the artists. The coverage attempts to be worldwide, and this is achieved by a group of informants who report on their local scenes. Performing this service for our area is Steve Picou of Bas Clas and Serfdom Records, and he's seen to it that most locally produced singles and compilations are included.

In addition to the discography, there's a kind of yellow pages in the back of the book with two hundred more pages of useful information. There are sections for US, UK, and world labels, distributors, and fanzines (*Wavelength* is not listed, so we'll dock them ten points), and a set of regional listings which includes clubs, radio stations, and record stores sympathetic to new wave. This book was meant to be used, not just perused, and it will be great for entrepreneurs and consumers alike. The art direction is excellent; every page has a different graphics theme, which makes reading endlessly enjoyable. This is by far the best book of the lot, and its compilers are to be commended. Note: These and other books on music are available from these mail order distributors: Rock Read, 799 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003; Goldmine Bookshelf, PO Box 187, Fraser MI 48026. □

—Steve Alleman

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As the official campaign manager of the "Draft Marsalis For The 1983 Jazzfest" movement, I offer the above mentioned records as testimony to the worthiness of my candidate.

By way of background I should point out that my candidate, Wynton Marsalis, was the recipient of three major awards in the 1982 *Downbeat* Reader's Poll. Wynton won Jazz Musician of the Year (424 votes to 330 votes for runner-up Miles Davis), and his debut album won Jazz Album of the Year (423 votes to 180 votes for *We Want Miles*). Additionally, the twenty-one-year-old Wynton Marsalis, who leads his own band, which includes his brother Bradford on reeds, has recently recorded an album of classical trumpet concerti in England for CBS Records. We believe that Mr. Marsalis is eminently qualified to be a headliner at this year's festival.

Wynton Marsalis has served as the trumpet player for the "Chancellor of Hard Bop," drummer Art Blakey. Among his many projects under the direction of Mr. Blakey, Wynton Marsalis completed the recently released *Keystone 3* album. This is an invigorating album of high spirited music. Wynton's brother Branford is particularly impressive on alto in solos on "Fuller Love" composed by Robby Watson and "Waterfalls" composed by Wynton Marsalis. We have a commitment from Mr. Wynton Marsalis that should he play the festival, his talented brother Branford would accompany him. On *Keystone 3* Wynton displays his fondness for the intricacies of trumpet playing, including "growling" as demonstrated on the Thelonius Monk composition "In Walked Bud"; quick-time arabesque high noted runs as he does on "Fuller Love"; and, magnificently controlled micro-tones produced by partially depressing the trumpet's valves, as brilliantly displayed on "Water-

falls." Certainly, the elan exhibited on this album is the type of joie de vivre that is endemic to the social life of this great city.

Wynton Marsalis has also served as a worldwide ambassador in the band of pianist Herbie Hancock. This album was recorded in Tokyo, Japan, and features Wynton backed by the classic Miles Davis rhythm section of the Seventies: the aforementioned Mr. Hancock, bassist Mr. Ron Carter and the phenomenal drummer Mr. Anthony "Tony" Williams. For those who wonder whether my candidate has the maturity to meet some of the more difficult challenges of this festival we offer his sensitive muted trumpet work of Thelonius Monk's "Round Midnight," and the Tony Williams composition "Pee Wee." I think an honest assessment of Mr. Marsalis' work on these numbers will compare more than favorably with Miles Davis, who has generally been recognized as an expert of the muted trumpet. With due modesty, I point out that Wynton Marsalis' muted tone is fuller and less tinny sounding and his phrasing is equally, if not more, elegant. Although Herbie Hancock sometimes sounds disinterested, the Blakey-derived drum style of Tony Williams and the unique, elastic, sustained harmonic tones of bassist Ron Carter combine to offer a fine setting for the long-lined and creatively constructed solos of Mr. Marsalis, particularly so on "A Quick Sketch" by Ron Carter and "Well You Needn't" by T. Monk. I should also like to call your attention to the excellent sound quality of this digital recording which gives extra emphasis to the inventive cymbal work of Tony Williams and, of course, to the sterling brass tones of Wynton Marsalis.

In conclusion, I respectfully request your write-in vote for Wynton Marsalis. Your vote may consist of a letter, post-card, telegram or any other form of document and should be sent to: George Wein, 311 West 74th St., New York, NY 10023. You simply need to say WE WANT WYNTON! in order for your vote to be counted. Music lovers anywhere on the planet earth are eligible to vote. Thank you for your consideration of my candidate, and remember, you only get as much good music as you demand. One music lover, one vote. We Want Wynton!

—Kalamu ya Salaam



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EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN SYNCH

Although all the kinks aren't out yet, the natural affinity between music and video produces a wide range of programming,

Tentatively, like reluctant lovers, rock music and video are being drawn together. The courtship between aural and visual has been going on since 1955 when *The Blackboard Jungle* was released, featuring on its soundtrack Bill Haley's "Rock Around the Clock." Ten years later, rock video took a big step forward with the series of Beatles' films including *Yellow Submarine*.

By the late Sixties, the film industry was taking rock 'n' roll movies seriously. Several introspective documentaries on the counter-culture were released, including *Monterey Pop* and *Woodstock*. Concert performance films continued to flourish in the 1970s, ranging from *Gimme Shelter* to *The Last Waltz*. By the end of the decade, music began to merge with plot lines for a variety of fictional music films starting with *Saturday Night Fever*, *The Buddy Holly Story*, *FM*, *Grease* and *Quadrophonia* soon following. In 1980, music visuals broke open with *The Blues Brothers*, *No Nukes* and *Rude Boy*.

Music and video for television did not come together until recently with the expansion of cable and the successful pay-TV broadcast of the Rolling Stones concert. Rock video has come a long way since *Midnight Special*.

The first stereo music channel on cable was Warner-Amex's 24-hour MTV. Aside from excerpts of concerts filmed for MTV, the channel relies on video products from major record labels, though smaller ones like IRS and Slash also contribute. Between the songs are nifty animated station ID's and insipid happy talk from the VJ's (video jockeys).

Being a relatively new institution, MTV's catalog of video programs does not date back very far and numbers around only 500. The selection tends toward top 40 rock, usually structured in twenty-minute segments with popular clips every two hours. While MTV presents too many J. Geils and Journey types, new groups like Haircut 100 and Men At Work do get considerable exposure.

Aside from concert clips, the usual format is lip-synch and the synch is not always in synch. After extended viewing, one begins to have more fun seeking out the lip and finger synch errors, rather than enjoy-



ing the music and visual. Tom Petty gets the award for the most boring synch video. The Rolling Stones and Cheap Trick irreverently flub their synchronizations, particularly with guitar work, in an effort to be cute. More creative is the concert-plus format, combining live footage with visuals elaborating on the lyrics.

Best of all music video are the production numbers, which range from totally abstract to play-acting with some lip synch. The latter works very well with bands having a strong front personality, like the Motels' 40's film noir version of "Only the Lonely," featuring Martha Davis as a distressed vamp. Men at Work does a delightful one with witty visuals and funny lyrics to "Who Can It Be Now."

The most expensive and elaborate videos have been done by Fleetwood Mac. They are beautifully directed and rich in detail. But the most inventive videos come from the newer, often overseas, groups such as The Buggles' satirical "Video Killed the Radio Star." Grandfather of music video is David Bowie, who passed down his strange but creative style to groups like Devo, who are now masters of the subject.

Music on cable isn't limited to the 24-hour MTV channel. CBS cable carried a wide variety of music video and some exceptional documentaries like Stevenson Palfi's tribute to New Orleans keyboard legends, and the USA Network regularly hosts the absurd "New Wave Theater" on its *Night Flight* show which runs from midnight to 6 am weekend nights. Also on *Night Flight* is "New York Underground" where punk bands play out of tune and spout the seven dirty words forbidden on broadcast TV.

Home Box Office often runs a thirty minute feature called "Video Jukebox," and The Music Channel, which can be received in stereo, occasionally features music films.

—Amy Martin

RICE MUSIC

Both the new Japanese music and the music of Japan, the English group, share a rhythmic feel that is a fresh hybrid of Western techno-funk and traditional Japanese instrumentation.

I've been hard pressed to find any music even vaguely related to pop/rock/roll that moves me in mind, body, and/or spirit. One cold November night, however, being in a receptive frame of mind (assisted, no doubt, by the half-gallon of dago red I'd drained to the dregs), I happened to hear very strange and exciting music radiating from my radio. The rhythms were very funky, the guitars and synthesizer haunting, the intermittent singing foreign. And there were other sounds I couldn't place. Not to mention the calm short-wave voice intoning a list of sorts (bringing to mind Cocteau's Orphee, who run out of inspiration, copies down surrealistic utterances dead-panned from the underworld via Orphee's car radio). In sum: a Bush of Ghosts wherein the ghosts have overtaken the bush.

I heard this music on *Techno 2000*, a WTUL radio show. Over the phone, Mark Townsend, one of *Techno's* obliging DJs, informed me the music was by Masami Tsuchiya, the album an English import entitled *Rice Music* (Epic EPC 85935). I was able to track it down at Leisure Landing. Since then *Rice Music* has been grinding on my turntable with amazing frequency.

"Rice Music," the title track, blends traditional Japanese instrumentation (koto, bamboo percussion) and electronic instrumentation (synths, treated guitars). This sets the scene throughout the album, whether the tone is languid ("Rice Music," "Night in the Park") or manic ("Rice Dog Jam"). The tonalities and textures are very electric and very sensual. Sometimes I can't tell what's modern synth or ancient percussion.

Who exactly is turning on whom? It seems like young Japanese musicians are



picking up the cues of Western technofunkers and creating an even fresher hybrid. The rhythm section from an English group that call itself (get this) Japan plays on some of the tracks of *Rice Music* (the poly-rhythmic punch of "Secret Party" is unmistakable Japan). Both the new Japanese music and the music of Japan (the English group) share a rhythmic feel that is fantastic: primitive polyrhythms on a new electronic scale. I don't know who's the chicken and who's the egg, but the results are fascinating.

One of the players on *Rice Music*, Riuichi Sakamoto, has an album out in America, *Left-Handed Dream* (Epic ARE 38404) that appears to be the first serious attempt at commercial crossover. Unfortunately, Robin Scott, who records under the group acronym "M," has been called on by Sakamoto to render bland English singing on four of the tracks. Actually, I've gotten used to Scott's singing enough so that it doesn't prevent me from digging the music (almost entirely written by Sakamoto). But tracks such as "Saru To Yuki To Gomi No Kodomo," with Sakamoto singing in Japanese against popping Eastern techno-funk, is far more interesting. *Left-Handed Dream* has high-points but is neither as intense nor as realized as *Rice Music*.

Yukihiro Takahashi, a player on *Left-Handed Dream*, has a Japanese import entitled *Neuromantic* (Alfa ALR-28018). Takahashi sings in English. His voice is reminiscent of Bryan Ferry and David Sylvain (of Japan, the group). Takahashi sings of loneliness, separation, and destiny. One recurring phrase is "the echo of a closing door." The music is modern techno-pop with lots of beeping and gurgling synths. The touch is lighter, without the dark shadings of Tsuchiya's or Sakamoto's use of primitive Japanese percussion, but the rhythms are just as limber and offer the listener an invitation to dance. □

—Zeke Fishhead

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FOLK ART AND ART FOLK

Much of February's art activity will be shaking it in the streets, but the naive portraits of Inez Walker are worth missing a parade to see.

For most area artists, 1983 began as a party with at least nine major gallery openings on January 8. The Contemporary Arts Center gets the Sheer Size award, simultaneously mounting an exhibition of prints by NYC artist Red Grooms, paintings by Jack Ox, a large show of Louisiana and Mississippi photographers curated by John Pfahl, as well as an exhibition by the Mask Makers Guild and the annual Art Cars.

Contemporary Photo 5, by far the largest and most ambitious, was a juried exhibition of 148 photographers selected from over 1,200 entries. Mr. Pfahl, a color photographer from New York, whose "manipulated" images are created by placing crucial bits in the landscape, has been very influential over the last few years. At his best, he skillfully reiterates elements of the subject, such as washtub in a red desert visually echoing the full moon above, in work that is satisfying both as an image and as a visual double entendre. His work balances on the intersection of the purely visual with the literal and the Contemporary Photo 5 show reflects his focus with mixed results. Some work, like Matt Anderson's "White People Observed—Evolution in New Orleans" successfully marries photo's capacity for silent articulation with more formal visual concerns. Other work, like fellowship winner Neff's ranchland series fell rather heavily on the literal side of things. Without the accompanying text, these photos were largely mute.

The Wine and Brie Stamina Award goes to Tilden-Foley for keeping its doors open into the wee hours. The fine group show there of local photographers was assembled by Barry Kaiser, apparently with a lush image, print-as-beautiful-object slant. Among the photographers selected were Joshua Paillet, Sandra Russell Clark, George Dureau, and Ray Kutos. Intentionally or not, these two photo shows illustrate several central concerns of contemporary photography. The year 1983 just may be the year that local photographers



"Ochre Lady with Green Hat," Inez Nathaniel-Walker.

get their fair share of wall space in the galleries.

In the Poetic Justice category, Steve Sweet comes away clean with his Xerox collage of Dureau, dwarf at last, at the Aaron-Hastings. This is one body of Xerox work where the quality of the image happily dominates the uniqueness of process.

And finally, the collages of Fredrich Shopsner at Optima finish as Nicest Surprise of the Evening. Airbrushed paper and found images are meticulously placed in an interrupted grid display, inspired says the artist by the rhythmic/tonal qualities of New Music. Fresh without being forcibly "new," these intelligent pieces evidence an emerging sensibility working it out.

A lot of art activity will be out shaking it in the streets this February but should you have a taste for some of the behind-closed-doors variety, thread your way past the revelers to 831 St. Peter Street. On view at the Gasperi Gallery through the 19th are the portrait drawings of Inez Nathaniel Walker. Since she was discovered as a naive artist in 1971, Mrs. Walker has become one of the hot properties of the increasingly respected folk art field, highlighted last year by her inclusion in the prestigious Corcoran show, "Black American Folk Artists," now a traveling exhibition.

Folk or naive art leads a life independent from the art world. By definition, it is work produced outside of the modern art tradition and without formal training. In the case of traditional forms like the dance masks of Mexico or Africa, it occupies a firm and established niche in community life. In the case of Mrs. Walker and locals like David Butler, the activity is more individual and private.

Inez Nathaniel Walker draws people. "I don't look at nothing to draw by. Just make 'em myself. I can't look at nobody

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and draw. Now that's one thing I wished I could do. But I can't. I just draw by my own mission." This show, including some of her earliest work done in prison, offers an unusual opportunity to view a cohesive body of work by an artist outside the fine arts tradition.

Mrs. Walker is not given to fancy footwork. Her people, mostly ladies, stare back from the paper, bug-eyed and static, face front or in profile. Unlike many of her folk art peers whose use of such innovative art materials as shoe polish and light bulbs add to their charm, Walker's drawings are stripped down, done simply with pencil, ballpoint pen, and magic marker on paper. In common with many primitive artists, she does not draw individuals. All her people share the same idiosyncratic features, one kind of nose, eyes, mouth. Scale indicates emphasis. Hands are small, the occasional bowtie or cigarette tiny, while the eyes are enormous and unblinking, always drawn exactly the same way. These are primarily line drawings, undeniably flat.

Though she occasionally carefully colors in the face with a single even tone, chocolate brown, hot pink, neon orange, there is no trace of shading or *chiaroscuro* in her drawings. This is exactly the kind of work that gets the my-five-year-old-could-do-it treatment, but look again. Done without regard to realism or technical ability, these drawings take their power from a remarkable and remarkably modern use of line. All her originality is let loose in the swirls and grids, triangles, x's and figure eights which overtake but never dominate her figures. Oddly familiar are the New Wave pinks and greens, as well as the basic iconography itself. The marriage of pattern and figure to form a single taut image is nothing new to modern art and the shapes used by Mrs. Walker, triangles, circles, grids and crosses, have been a staple of contemporary imagery for many years.

The similarity between contemporary art and naive work is no accident. Ever since Gauguin got hot over Tahitian carvings, modern art and folk art have enjoyed a symbiotic, if not always well understood, relationship. Modern artists frequently look to their less-tutored brethren for a renewed sense of freedom while in turn supplying the folk artist with the recognition that has resulted today in the folk gallery situation. In the United States, the initial appreciation of folk art as art occurred only after America's first great infusion of the modern aesthetic into the culture with the Armory show. Prior to the 1920 Folk Art Exhibition put on by the Whitney Club (now the Whitney Museum in New York), folk art was considered either curious junk or antiques. Collectors who loaned pieces to that initial exhibition included two vanguard American painters, Charles Sheeler and Charles Demuth.

For those accustomed to the fine arts scene, traveling in the realm of naive art can be a lot like stepping through Alice's keyhole. Everything here is the same except it's different. The lack of technical facility and historical significance which is ap-

plauded in the naive artist can be a serious flaw for the contemporary artist. Whereas modern artists patiently build careers over the years, folk artists are often discovered like latter day visual sweater girls. Inez came to the attention of the Webb and Parsons Gallery in Connecticut while doing time for the negligent homicide of a man who evidently abused her. Later, when referring to this period of her life, she said "some of these men folks is pitiful."

In prison, she apparently refused to go to art classes but drew constantly instead on the back of her English papers to protect herself from the influence of "bad girls." Her teacher was evidently more sympathetic than most to this activity and eventually showed some of the drawings to Webb and Parsons. They began supplying Inez with materials and carrying her work. She remained a prolific artist following her release in 1972, producing thousands of drawings until her "disappearance" in 1980.

Her philosophy was simple. "I just sit down and go to drawing. You know the more I draw, the better I get." Like Grandma Moses who, when asked how she did her painting, replied, "down," Walker's only apparent technique was to start at the top of the page and work downward, using whatever size of paper was sent to her.

Though these works come here from Yankeeland, folk art is nothing new to New Orleans or Louisiana. The late Sister Gertrude Morgan, whose spiritualist paintings are now among the most sought after in the genre, used to hand them out free on Canal Street as part of her preaching. The entire southern region is a goldmine of visual expression in the raw. New Orleans is fortunate to have an opportunity to view consistently high caliber naive work at the Gaspari Gallery, much of it by living and local artists. Normal gallery hours are Tuesday to Saturday 10 to 5, 1 to 5 on Sunday, but call first during Mardi Gras weekend.

If your appetite is whetted for more of that indigenous stuff, also check out the Louisiana Folk Art Museum right down the street, off Jackson Square. Part of the Louisiana State Museum system, they have a large collection, three floors, focusing on earlier periods of Louisiana's history. Shortage of funds keep their hours somewhat irregular, so call 568-5661 to find them open. For the truly curious with a traveling budget for Texas this spring, the Corcoran exhibition from Washington D.C. featuring 20 black southern naive artists of the last fifty years will be on view at the Rice University Museum, in Houston, from March 4 to May 15.

For the regular gallery goer, high quality naive work always raises those nagging and fascinating issues common to modern art, questions of skill, talent, intention, the squirmish qualities of visual beauty and meaning, dumbness and ugliness. Different from their modern art contemporaries but often just as tasty, the best naive work has a place in a well balanced art diet. □

—Virginia Levie

DALILA, SAM AND VERDI

Most *Samson and Dalila* have all the excitement of a Carnival Ball tableaux, but the talents at the New Orleans Opera wrought a small miracle.

Staging *Samson Et Dalila* is a dicey proposition. I recall seeing one production at the Chicago Lyric years ago in which the tenor, a strapping German of excessive poundage, was considerably bustier than his Dalila. In their love scene, whilst she was reclining seductively on the couch and he was hovering above her, he leaned over to kiss her and his left breast swatted her in the eye. That was one of the more exciting Samsons, most of them being possessed of all the drama and urgency of one of the tableaux at a Mardi Gras ball. Happily, however, the combined talents of director David Morelock, designer David Gano and lighting designer Martin Ross wrought a small miracle and came up with an exciting operatic evening for the New Orleans Opera. Samson is still a pretty static musical offering but the above-mentioned trio gave it more drama and cogency than usual and musically the evening was satisfying, too.

Fiorenza Cossotto was making her local debut as Dalila and her singing was as opulent as ever. Well, almost as opulent. And while her acting is decidedly of the old school there is no denying she has great presence and can enthral an audience. She has also slimmed down somewhat and made quite a creditable Dalila. As her hairy ape, Richard Cassilly was returning to the local operatic boards for the first time since his unfortunate Pollione in *Norma* in 1969, a production and a performance that are indelibly seared in my memory. Currently he is sounding stronger and steadier than of yore, even if he is still not exactly the tenor of one's dreams. But, let's face it, nowadays the tenor of one's dreams is exactly that.

Arthur Thompson impressed as the High Priest even with his bizarre make-up which made him resemble the Emperor Ming on the planet Mongo in those old Flash Gordon serials. Also on duty were Stephen Saxon as Abimelech and Ivo Vinco as an Old Hebrew. Mr. Vinco, of course, is Cossotto's husband and whither wifey sings so sings hubby.

Having succumbed to the flu during the run of *La Boheme*, I was unable to catch it but I am told by those I trust that it was



Terry Patrick-Harris and Carlo Bergonzi in *I Lombardi*

beautifully done and that Catharine Malfitano as Mimi, Ermanno Mauro as Rudolfo and particularly Noell Rogers as Musetta were all first rate.

As to *I Lombardi* to say that only a musicologist would find it interesting is overstating the case a bit. But just a bit. With a plot that makes that of *Il Trovatore* seem like a model of concision and lucidity and with music that is only really interesting because of the hints of the great Verdi works to come, it is not much musical theatre. Still if it must be done, and I guess it must be done if you want to engage Carlo Bergonzi, just as *Adriana Lecouvreur* had to be done years ago if you wanted to engage Renata Tebaldi, the way the New Orleans Opera did it cannot be faulted too much.

It was strongly cast with Bergonzi as Oronte and Cristina Deutekom as the beloved Giselda. Both were in excellent voice and both are obviously singers who know how to take care of themselves and their equipment. No gadding about on Greek yachts for them! Both also totally dispensed with any attempt at characterization, which was perhaps all to the best in this case. Maverick that he is, however, Ferruccio Furlanetto decided not only to sing the part of the evil Pagano, which he did beautifully, but to act it as well. Such contrariness occasionally has its rewards and Senor Furlanetto ended up as the standout in the cast. The chorus sang its rather boring tunes well and Anton Coppola conducted as if he didn't mind that much of Verdi's hurdy-gurdy music had little to do with the melodrama unfolding on stage. The sets by Mario Vanarelli were simple but effective.

Coming up on March 10 and 12 is *Tristan Und Isolde*. (As Larry Hart once wrote, "Oh dear, how they yodelled of love and death. They died not from love but from lack of breath.") Johanna Meier and Spas Wenkoff will be the star-crossed lovers. And next season, you can look forward to the Opera's Fortieth Anniversary season which will include those heavenly twins, Cav and Pag, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Madama Butterfly*, and as Joseph Kerman would have it, that shabby little shocker *Tosca*.

Don't ask for the moon, dear readers, when you can have the stars. □

—Joseph Del Papa



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The Fabulous Thunderbirds
T-BIRD RHYTHM
Chrysalis 1395

I was almost afraid to play this one. The cover put the Austin blues boys in one of those '57 T-Birds normally saved for disco album jackets. This time out English popster Nick Lowe produced the band, an odd combination that one might question. I poked the record on, and fell about in amazement. They done taken the old Thunderbirds and forced them into a rock 'n' roll groove with often pleasant results.

Kim Wilson's voice is up to the uptempo rhythms, and he is amply aided by Jimmy Vaughn's stinging guitar lines and the rest of the rhythm section. The only unfortunate thing is that the Thunderbirds started out as a blues band and that fact is downplayed in favor of the fast-paced material. But over all this is still a good album.

"Can't Tear It Up Enough," "My Babe," and "You Humbuggin' Me" are jumping, rockabilly pieces taken slightly slower than the speed of light. The obligatory Lazy Lester tune "Tell Me," and even a Professor Longhairish "Poor Boy" (complete with double-tracked whistling) stand out. My favorites are the reworks of Jimmy Hughes' "Neighbor, Neighbor," and the stunning Dave Bartholomew-penned "The Monkey," even though the over-amplified drumming does make one's ears weary. Incidentally, Jimmy Vaughn sneaks in some effective steel guitar, and Keith Ferguson lays down his patented rock-solid bass to keep things moving. I could have expected a little more of Wilson's harp in places, and I sure would have dug a shuffle, but all that aside, I guess I can live with this.

—Almost Slim

Rockin' Sydney
JOY TO THE SOUTH
Bally Hoo 2001

GIVE ME A GOOD TIME WOMAN
Maison de Soul 1007

The Rockin' Count is back! After trying blues, soul, disco and rock 'n' roll (see WL 21), Sydney has decided to give zydeco a go, oft times with pleasant results.

On *Joy To The South*, Sydney really lives up to his "Mr. Versatile" alias. Not only did he produce and distribute the album on his own label, he plays every instrument except for the repetitious drumming machine. But while Sydney spreads himself a bit thin at times, he more than makes up for it with his ebullient approach. A noisy light-hearted collection "The Titty Waltz," and "Just Like A Hog," highlight side one. The title selection is the real sleeper, as Sydney hits a catchy rhythmic tempo and just keeps it right there. While some tunes lag due to Sydney's limited approach, this is still one for zydeco devotees.

Give Me A Good Time Woman boasts one of the most bizarre album jackets—yet really, you can't miss this one. On most of the album, Sydney's simple accordion is backed by a small rhythm section led by one-time Crowley session man "Pee Wee" Trahan. I get the feeling this album was somewhat rushed due to some of Sydney's mindless (but cute) lyrics, ie: "ou la la, shu-ra, my ya-ya."

Still there's lots of goodies herein. The title tune is the archetype of a punchy South Louisiana two-step. A couple of tunes get carried away by the silly lyrics, but tunes like "Joe Pete Is In The Bed" and "Sugar Cane Candy" are

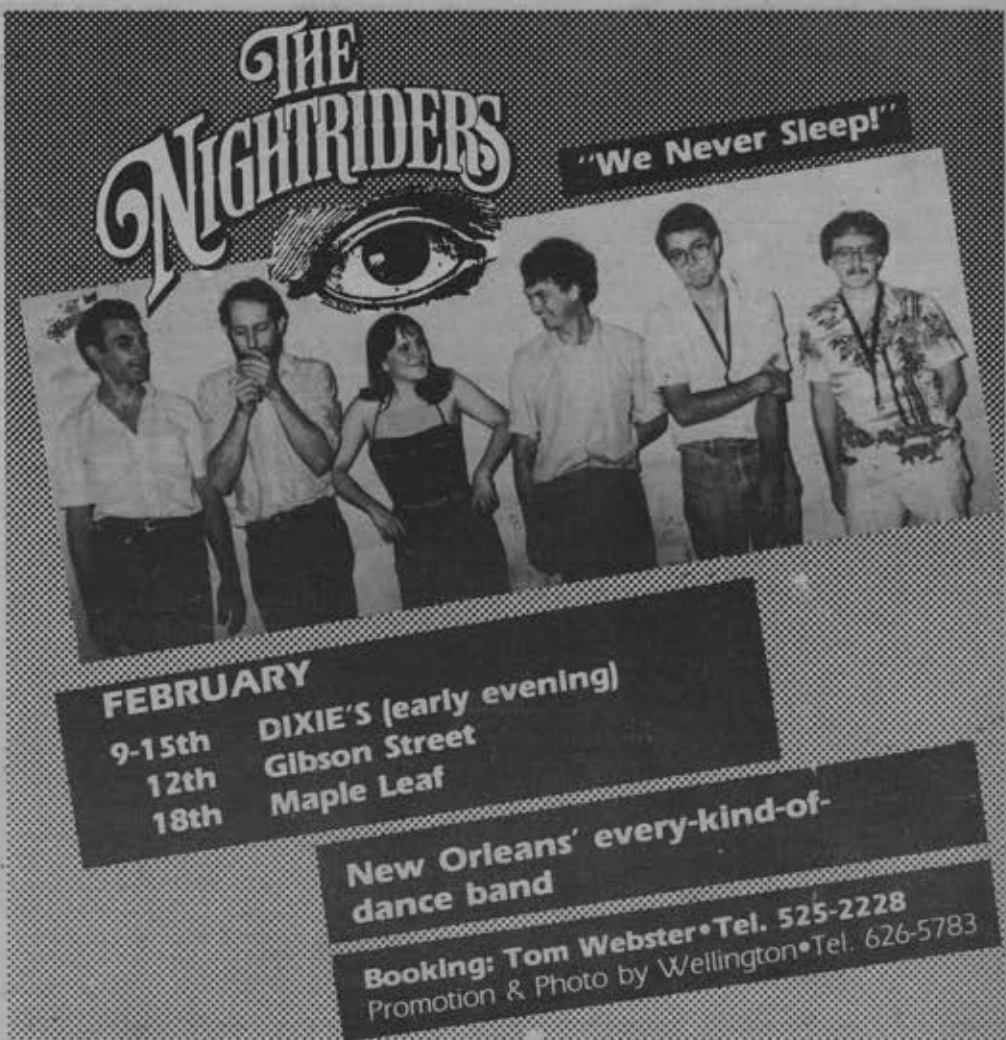


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classics. Sydney even includes a zydeco revamp of "You Ain't Nothing But Fine," and a brand new dance "Shake Your Pants."

You might have a few problems obtaining these, but if you send off to Floyd's over in Ville Platte, they'll be glad to accommodate you.

—Almost Slim

Gary Herman

ROCK 'N' ROLL BABYLON

Perigee/G.P. Putnam's Sons, \$9.95

Not a patch, even a miniscule one, on its obvious model, Kenneth Anger's triumphant phantasmagoria of sin-scum-scandal-and-stardust, *Hollywood Babylon* (a book with a curious history—first published in France, then appearing in an "unauthorized" but profoundly libelous and profoundly enjoyable paperback edition in the late 1960s, then—as if by the magic that Anger, a self-proclaimed disciple of Aleister Crowley, is wont to perform—reappearing in a luxurious, bowdlerized version under the imprimatur of Rolling Stone's Straight Arrow Press with all of its gamier references to the still-with-us deleted).

Gary Herman's book, which shamelessly apes the Anger volume in its oddball mixture of peepshow and morality play, as well as in layout and design, is a relatively stodgy production. The Big Message here is that that old Bitch Goddess Success is simply a killer-diller-from-Manila and will get you (lethally) if you don't watch out.

Virtually no one in this book does watch out—Frankie Lyman dies of a heroin overdose and Jackie Wilson chases women around and so does cherubic little Sam Cooke and Anita Pallenberg puffs up like a Macy's balloon and Bob Geldof gets smeared by the press and Jimmy Page flirts with witchcraft and John Lennon gets tossed drunkenly out of the Troubadour (shouting "Do you know who I am?" to be answered by a waitress, with perfect descriptive aplomb, "Yes, you're an asshole with a Kotex on his head"—which article did form Mr. Lennon's chapeau at the time) and Pigpen of the Grateful Dead drinks himself to death and loses hundreds of pounds in the process and Wayne County has his gender surgically altered and Patti Smith declaims that she not infrequently voids herself or has an orgasm right, and indiscreetly, on stage. With his stodgy prose—a cross between John Bunyan and Suzy Knickerbocker—Mr. Herman covers a good bit of ground and his research is rangy, if unexotic. The book could be slangier, dirtier and tell us much more we didn't know.

The big thing in a volume like this is the selection of pictures. Now, in the Anger book, there was much lips-pursed tch-tch discussion of Robert Harrison's distressing tactics with the old *Confidential* magazine—but Anger, and now Herman, both use the Harrison principle of illustrational selection: the more unflattering the picture the better, the gorier and more indiscreet the better. Thus we have Otis Redding being fished out of the frozen lake and Ritchie Valens' corpse sprawled in the foreground of the plane wreck; we also glimpse some quite frightening pix of Linda McCartney (although an informed source tells me that there isn't another sort of photo of her), and of Pete Townshend smooching with Binkie Baker, two of Rod Stewart's goons de-pantsing a drunken journalist, Lou Reed laying a wet one on David Bowie, and the latter gowned as Rosemary Clooney (or so the accurate caption would have us believe), Ray Charles being busted and looking glum about



JOE "KING" CARRASCO



it, the car that killed Mark Bolan, Allen Klein brandishing a double-barrelled shotgun, Sid Vicious plugging the products of Plastipak, and much more. Perhaps too much more—there isn't a light or lovely note anywhere; this is the new style of moral lesson: more Walter Winchell and E.C. Comics than La Fontaine or Krylov.

Still as titillation and as a walking tour through the slough of rock (one could do a similar work, with the right research resources, on any area of music or the arts or politics), this is a cheesily pleasant first step. And virtually, if not actually, worth the price as a scrapbook of idolized gargoyles.

—Jon Newlin

Harry Choates

THE FIDDLE KING OF CAJUN SWING
Arhoolie 5027

Invariably Chris Strachwitz's products set an excellent standard and this is no exception. This set is part of Arhoolie's latest batch of Cajun anthologies that also included Leo Soileau, Amade Ardoin, and Michael Doucet—four generations of Cajun music.

Choates, a fiddler, is best known for his rendition of "Jolie Blonde," still a popular release in Cajun country 30 years after his mysterious death. Unfortunately because of contractual agreements to Starday Records, it could not be included. Still this is as good a collection of ethnic music as is available. Anyone with an interest in Cajun or western swing music will want this LP right away.

The two-steps, waltzes, country breakdowns and instrumentation interestingly aren't that much different from today's Cajun groups. Lyrics are in French and English, with some superb fiddling and plenty of hillbilly like wailing.

"Allons A Lafayette" is an early version of the popular tune, while "Wrong Keyhole," and "Louisiana Boogie" are fascinating interpretations of traditional western swing tunes.

Sales on this one might be low, but anyone who gets this will be happy with it. Superb packaging with detailed liner notes makes this a valuable release.

—Almost Slim

At Jimmy's

NORMALS REUNION
December 30, 1982

What could easily have been a depressing exercise in nostalgia was anything but that when the Normals reunited at Jimmy's on December 30. An overflow crowd of old punks, young new-wavers, and assorted drunks saw the original Normals—David Brewton, Stevie Walters, Charlie Hansen, and Chris Lockette—on stage together for the first time in over three years.

Once the Normals were into their set, however, one couldn't help but forget how long it had been. Nothing about the music was dated, and nothing about the performances indicated that this was a one-shot.

The Normals were always the quintessential American punk band. They weren't alienated working class louts (U.K.), nor failed artists and poets (N.Y.C.), nor drug-addled ex-surfers (L.A.), but rather a bunch of suburban kids who didn't like the music they were hearing on the radio and decided to do something about it.

Their roots were solidly in the Sixties, but not the Sixties of the Rolling Stones and Grateful Dead, Altamont and Woodstock. Instead, their

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music celebrated surf music and garage bands, the Monkees and the Standells, *Hullabaloo* and *Shindig*.

If the Normals' roots were to be found in the Sixties, their inspiration was primarily Seventies. I don't think anyone who wasn't at least peripherally involved in the new music scene in 1977 can understand just how good punk music sounded after close to a decade of stagnant heavy metal music, nor how great it was to have local bands like the Normals and the Backstabbers playing the new music in clubs around town.

In the December 30 audience was a sprinkling of people who had followed the boys from the early days at Changes and the C.A.C., to the days when their appearance at any French Quarter club was a sure sign that the club would soon close its doors; from the Western tour which shrunk to a visit to Texas to the New York adventure which eventually shattered the band. Many others present had heard the band once or twice in the old days, and some had never heard the Normals before. But all agreed it was a special night. People who hadn't said anything good about a band since the first Clash album were heard telling people they hadn't spoken to in years what a great concert it was. (Larry the Punk was actually inside the club during the sets.) For the spread of good will alone, if not to keep some great music alive, the Normals should get together more often. I for one dislike nostalgia, but I don't object to being reminded of those few great years between the death of the Sixties counterculture and the dawning of the Age of Reagan.

—King Thomas

Art & Aaron Neville
ART & AARON NEVILLE
Bandy 70013

It had to happen, but I like it. Art and Aaron's early Sixties sides on Minit and Instant, produced by Toussaint, in one power-packed package. But is it really? For the most part this is just a repackaging of odd singles, with no attempt to present the music in any kind of order.

Musically it contains all the early hits. Besides Aaron's "Let's Live," "Waitin' At The Station," (my fave) and "Wrong Number," a rocking version of "Hey Little Alice" crops up (unreleased?). Art's sides are far less dramatic than his brother's but just as interesting. Besides "All These Things" (not again), the songs "Little Girl From The Candy Store," "Too Much" and "Rock & Roll Beat" are first class.

If you possess none of the Nevilles' solo material, this is a quick way to get a representative collection. The typical generic cover is here that we've come to expect from Bandy. This music is important and we're glad it has been reissued, but it deserves a better fate than being wrapped up in tacky covers without photos or data. Vintage photos of the Nevilles exist, so why couldn't they have been used? This could have been a super re-issue, but...

—Almost Slim

Jan Garbarek
EVENTYR
ECM-1-1200

Garbarek was involved in the 1981 album *Folk Songs*, a collaboration with Egberto Gismonti and Charlie Haden. If the selections on that LP were not based on folk melodies, they surely and delightfully evoked folkish themes. *Eventyr*, which came out earlier this

year, goes one step further in reaching back in time for folk themes. Six of the eight cuts are based on traditional songs. The entire album seems to reach back into some realm of elemental song.

Garbarek's companions on this voyage are Nano Vasconcelos, percussion, and John Abercrombie, guitar. Vasconcelos is an old shipmate of Gismonte's, and Abercrombie has been cross-breeding folk and jazz for some time. All three musicians don't always play at the same time. There is constant weaving in and out. On some tracks Abercrombie is absent, Garbarek playing against Nano's pulse.

Garbarek plays tenor sax, soprano sax, and flute on this outing. Some find Garbarek's playing to be cold. I find it pungent and lyrical. He "sings." On the opening "Soria Maria," he cries as if for something eternally lost (or perhaps for a beautiful presence that cannot be apprehended except in distance). It may be somewhat bleak, but I would say bittersweet, never morbid or sinister. In contrast, "Lillekort" is a happy song that brings to mind childhood, festivals.

The most striking selection is the title song, "Eventyr." It opens with Garbarek's wails over Nano's sung utterances and talking drum. Inexplicably, a dissonant cluster of chimes or church bells suddenly intrudes, soon taking over. The original duo's playing fades, and as the bells are clanging, Vasconcelos begins to play shakers and small jingling bells. This exchange also fades out. Next, the sound of birds (Vasconcelos?) and Garbarek's ruminative, airy flute (itself a bird). Abercrombie picks and sprays guitar lines in response to the chirping flute, while an organ or guitar plays shifting chords in a telegraph rhythm. All evaporates, the end punctuated by flute/bird cries.

A fine voyage.

—Zeke Fishhead

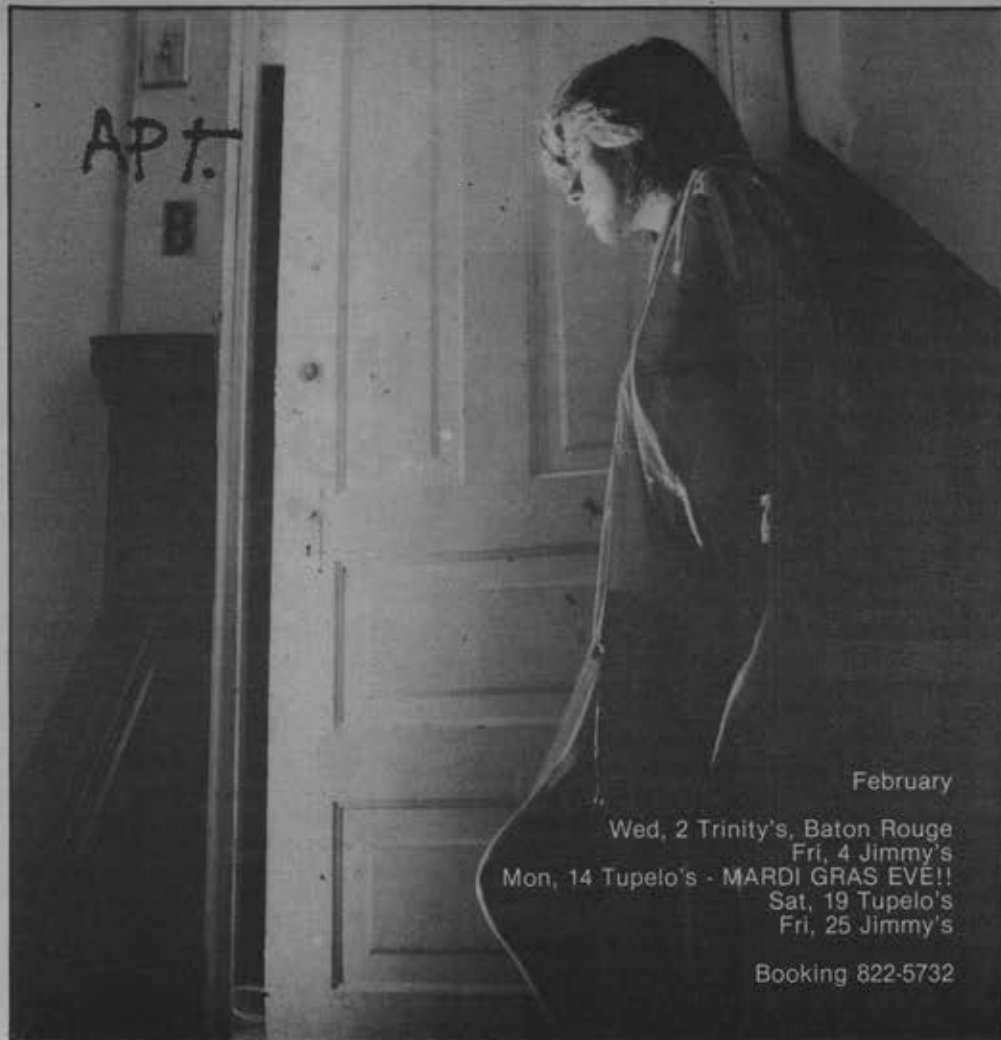
At the Blue Room JIM STAFFORD December 8, 1982

I did not know much about Jim Stafford and his music before attending the opening night of his stint at the Blue Room in the Fairmont Hotel. His act is an equal mixture of novelty songs and humorous banter that won over a crowd that seemed a bit stiff at first.

Stafford is billed as a country and western singer, which I do not think entirely appropriate. The only country aspect of Stafford's act is a bit of Merle Travis-style guitar playing which he does quite well. He also played a five-string banjo in a flat-picked fashion, academically incorrect for bluegrass music but entertaining nonetheless. My own conception of country music is a rather traditional one of fiddle and steel guitar behind a rural-voiced singer, but I didn't really expect to find this in the Blue Room, where Stafford and his guitar were supported by a standard dance orchestra reading score sheets.

Once I realized that Jim Stafford is really a comedian and entertainer instead of a country singer in the traditional fashion, I found myself well entertained for the evening. He performed a variety of original tunes including "My Girl Bill" which has enjoyed moderate success. Stafford also showed himself to be a quite able guitarist with a great rendition of the rather difficult number "Classical Gas." One of the best moments of the evening was his hilarious imitation of B. B. King with Stafford playing a five-string banjo instead of electric guitar.





In a sense, Jim Stafford carries on a tradi-



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tion of country performers offering basically humorous or novelty material, the most well known recent one being perhaps Roger Miller. Stafford's humor tends to be more sophisticated than Miller, but nonetheless I consider him worth seeing in the context of humorist and songwriter.

The Blue Room itself, as a place to listen to music, is naturally quite different from the regular music clubs in the city. The cover charge is fairly high, but if someone you want to see is appearing, you will be able to have a good seat and hear the music very well. In a way, New Orleans could use more music clubs that offer a quieter ambience. I've always wished there were more places where there were tables all the way up to the stage, so that you could really see the performer. While the Blue Room has a small dance floor, it did not, to me, serve as a barrier between audience and performer as is often the case. I think that forthcoming acts such as B. B. King and Judy Collins will be well suited to the place.

—Patrick A. Flory

Peter Guralnick THE LISTENER'S GUIDE TO THE BLUES Quarto Publishing '11"

This volume is an invaluable aid for the neophyte blues listener, but even us blues veterans can certainly learn a thing or two. Penned by one of the deans of American music, it is most fitting that Guralnick put this volume of his favorite music together.

Through all fifteen chapters the book is both educational and informative. The author makes his personal recommendations about albums that are in print and readily available, and 99 and 100% of the time the book is dead on. A long-time collector and listener, Guralnick provides general but valuable advice about what or what not to look for when confronted by the blues section of a record store, or mail order list.

Guralnick also provides basic thumbnail sketches of all our heroes which should whet the appetite of readers enough to lay out some green stuff for the records themselves. Funny though this is the kind of book that is constantly in need of revision due to the constant activity of the record companies.

I must point out that the book is a shade skimpy on Louisiana and particularly New Orleans artists (only Smiley, Fess and Guitar Slim, sadly all dead, have been included). But then they're saving them for a separate volume. Hmmm.

—Almost Slim

Fats Domino ON STAGE! Delta 1127

Anyone who has seen Fats' show in the last ten years knows all too well what to expect. Fats rocks and rolls his way through a medley of his biggest hits. He really gives the piano a workout on the moody "After Hours" (incorrectly listed as "The Fat Man") and manages to turn a few heads with an inspired version of "Lawdy Miss Clawdy," with buzzing sax and cling-cling piano straight out of the Fifties. Tremendous! I fail to see why Delta chose to omit all information concerning this release other than "recorded in Philadelphia." The cover leaves so much to be desired I won't even comment. Enjoyable but not essential.

—Almost Slim

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Answers to puzzle from page 20.

1. Boatner Riley. 2. Lasalle. 3. The Golden Blades. 4. The Twelfth Night Revelers. 5. "If Ever I Cease To Love." 6. "The green room is smokin' and the Plaza's burnin' down." 7. St. Joseph's Night. 8. His real name is E. Gaines, but the record company misspelled it. 9. green. 10. Choctaw. 11. The Baby Dolls, the Zigaboos, the Gold Diggers. 12. Kiss. 13. The Jefferson City Buzzard. 14. The Half-Fast Marching Club.

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Curious Combos—**Zebra** will open for **Kiss** at the Superdome's Mardi Gras extravaganza the weekend before Shrovetide, while **The Sheiks** have taped another spot for Channel 6 which also includes the **John Curtis Marching Band** and several WDSU luminaries like **Alec Gifford**—all gussied up for Carnival. And while you're up, get me a dish of broccoli with butterscotch marshmallow syrup... **Magnum Records**, a local company distributed by All South, has released its first record by Baton Rouge singer-songwriter-nightclub owner **Floyd Brown**; the two singles off Brown's album are "It's Just A Matter Of Time" and the **Arthur Alexander** chestnut "Anna"... Speaking of odd combinations, local chanteuse **Henrietta**, who produced a record with **Harry Lee** called "Throw Me Something Mister" two years ago, which is still available, plans to open a Samba club locally to catch some World's Fair business.

Strands of serpentina, a bag of confetti and a deuce of Comus doubloons to the following musical notables from The City That Care Forgot To Remember who have their birthdays in February: **Kid Thomas Valentine** (Feb. 3), **Harold Dejan**, leader of the **Olympia** (Feb. 4), **Willie Tee** (Feb. 6), **Mister Earl** "Trick Bag" **King** (Feb. 7), aptly-nicknamed trumpeter **Wingy Manone** who lost an arm to a streetcar (Feb. 13), seminal trumpeter **Freddie Keppard** (Feb. 15), **De De Pierce** (Feb. 18), **Louis "Kid Shots" Madison** (Feb. 19), **Cie Frazier** (Feb. 23), the maharajah of Marais Street **Fats Domino** and cornetist **George Brunis** (Feb. 26).

A series of classic sessions, sixteen in all, recorded in the early Sixties for **Barry Martyn's MONO** (an acronym for Music Of New Orleans) label, including much scintillating and spontaneous playing by many local greats, will soon be reissued in this country on the **Jazzology/JCE** label after many years of unavailability. Martyn, nothing if not honest, remarked of his musical documents. "Some of the results have been fantastic and some just mediocre but all have been of importance to the serious enthusiast." The eighteen albums featured **Kid Sheik**, **Kid Howard**, **Pete Bocage**, **Sammy Hopkins**, **Sylvester Handy**, **Emile Barnes**, **Harold Dejan** and the **Olympia B.B.**, **Cal Blunt**, **Kid Thomas**, **Billie and De De Pierce**, the **Mighty Four**, the **Louis James String Band**, **George Lewis**, and **Papa Celestin**... the **Radiators** are goin' back to Minnesota which in this weather will be nothing like goin' back to Miami... The **Back Doors**, an act of certain necrophile glamour and grandeur, and which features recreations of the old **Jim Morrison Doors** of the Sike-a-Delic period, are gigging at the **Paddlewheel**; we heard a **WRNO DJ** excitedly tell one young lady that the lead singer "even looks like **Jim Morrison** close up—whaddya think about that?!"

Vince Vance and the Valiants will shock your monkey and anything else you happen to have on hand at **Bobby's Place** on St. Valentine's Day... We also recommend

the group **Straitface** for hard-nose (and other anatomical parts) rock 'n' roll; members are **Steve Schneider**, **Darrell Smith**, **Brian Comeaux**, **Billy Landry**, **Randy Davis** and **P.R.**—sound man **Joe Porter**... And from the West Bank: the **Nevada Club**, at 1409 Romain in Gretna, formerly **Bronco's**, has country music live four nights a week by **Mississippi South and Louisiana**, while over on **Stumpf Boulevard**, the **1801 Club** features such legendary but not apocryphal figures as **Al Johnson**, **Frogman Henry**, **Johnny Adams**, **Irma Thomas** and **Oliver** (It Must Have Been A Forty-Four) **Morgan**.

Chocolate Milk's new album, *Friction*, and the first single off-it, "Take It Off," are both on **Billboard's** charts; the Milk will perform their newest single, "Who's Gettin' It?" on *Soul Train* this month and will also perform at **John Ehret High School** with the **Family Players**, since Ehret was the lucky winner in **WAIL's** School Spirit Contest.

Ed White tells us that **Louisiana Video Music** has hired **Jonathan Stathakis** to direct *Southern Nights*, a series of several shows produced by **Bob Vernon** and **Lynn Ourso**; the first will be **Bow Wow Wow's** January 31 performance on the *Steamer President* (if you get this early enough, you may be able to wrap your hot little digits around some tickets, either from Ticketmaster or at the Canal Street Dock); Stathakis' other credits include the RCA video disc with the **Grateful Dead**, MTV spots for the **Allman Brothers**, **Warren Zevon** and **Dave Edmunds & Rockpile**, and a video of **John Mayall's Bluesbreakers** and the **Chicago Blues Fest** for **RKO**.

Local country singer **Eddie Louper's** evocatively titled "Cold Side of the Bed" is receiving airplay, as well, on over 200 stations around the country... The **Copas Brothers'** first album (titled—what else? *The Copas Brothers*), recorded Uptown at **Secret Studio**, ought to be appearing around the middle of this month in record

rax around town; of the 12 songs, seven are original with provocative titles like "Waltzin' In My Dreams" and "Skinny Dip" (a new dance step?); among those who helped out are **Harold Cowan**, who has also recently worked on albums with **Kenny Rogers** and **Barry Gibb**, and drummer **Ron Ziegler**.

The CAC's Mardi Gras Jazz Weekend, Feb. 11 and 12, will include the final installment of the Jazz Piano series with **James Drew** and **Ellis Marsalis** radiating the 88, and a performance by saxophonist **Jimmy** ("Little Bird" — as in guess who) **Heath**, who'll surround himself with such local lights as **Marsalis**, **James Singleton** and **James Black**... The Blue Room's enviably eclectic line-up for February includes the following: **Judy Collins**, through Feb. 8; **The Johnny Otis Show**, Feb. 9 through 22; **Cleo Laine** and **Johnny Dankworth**, the **Mildred Bailey** and **Red Norvo** of our day, Feb. 23 through March 8... **Roulette** is currently auditioning vocalists to fill the vacancy left by **Jim Lockwood**; differences in musical direction are cited for the split... Metairie group **The Hurt** (**Ric Kipker** formerly of **The Look**, **Jim Kebedeaux**, **Scott Thomas** and **Dino Kruse**) are working on a demo at a Mid-City studio masterminded by **Quentin Powers**, who has penned—among other things—the title cut on **Janie Fricke's** album, *Sleeping With Your Memory*... **Wynton Marsalis'** album, *Wynton Marsalis*, finished up at number 10 among the top selling jazz albums of 1982, according to the *Billboard* charts.

One of the biggest-in-implications-but-smallest-in-size items unveiled at the 1983 Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas last month was the **Polygram Compact Disc**: a mere 4.7" in diameter, it plays by laser and each side holds up to 60 minutes of music, digitally encoded. This just might be *The Future*... And yet again, the dates of the **New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival** are April 29 through May 8.



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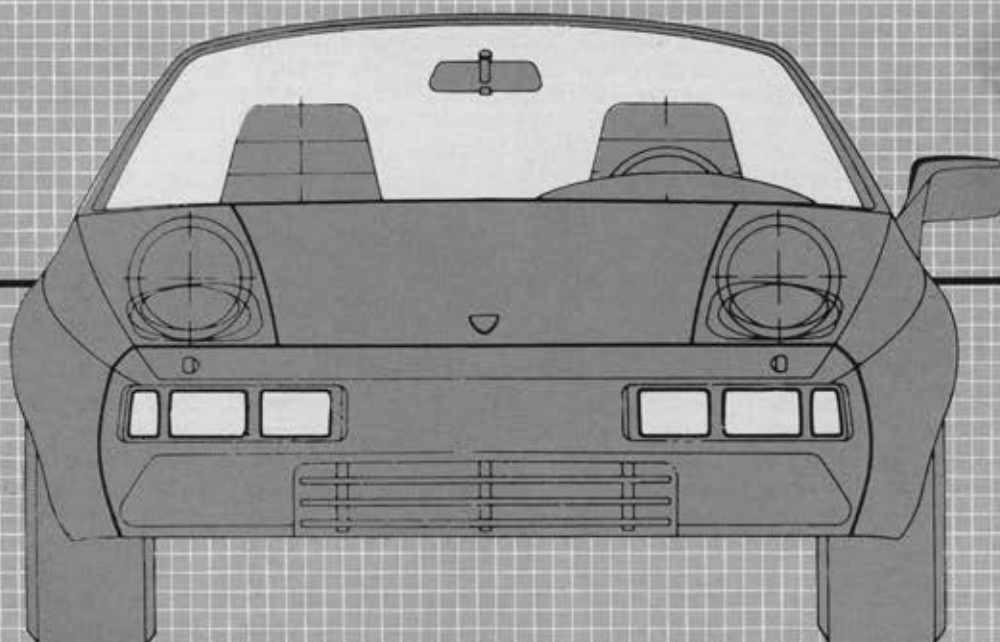
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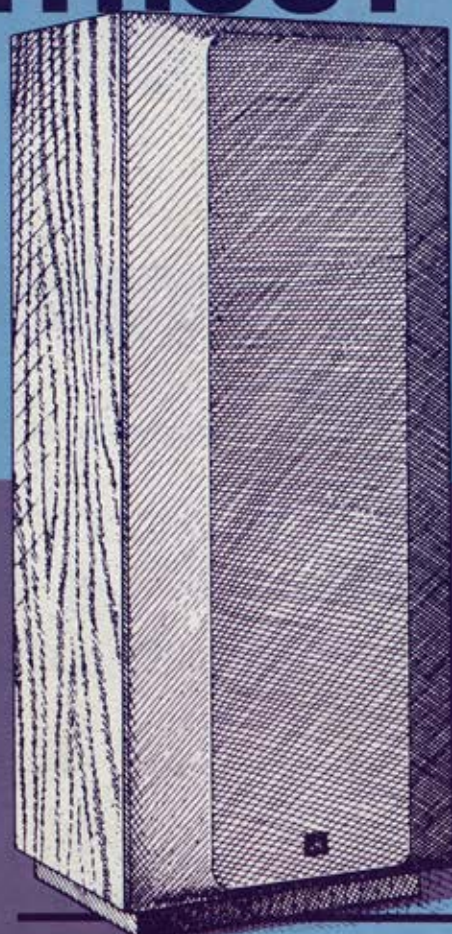
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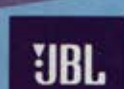


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